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SIXPENCE.
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MISS CALHOUN, OF THE GARRICK THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.

"GUY DOMVILLE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

When pit and gallery have shown that in their valuable opinion a play is of little value—when, indeed, a courteous member of the gods even goes so far as to call it "rotten"—of course, the critics hesitate to praise it. One knows that gentlemen who have at least Board School culture must be competent judges of the style of a play, of the skill with which the author has given to it an eighteenth-century flavour, and of the accuracy with which strange types of people are depicted; and it seems rash to hint that the judgment of these enlightened beings is of little greater quality than the manners that permitted them to hoot an illustrious literary man and a brilliant manager because they did not like the play.

For my part, despite my reverence for the views of those who applauded enthusiastically a commonplace if ingenious farce, and damned a play that had the authorship of a brilliant man of letters and the imprimatur of the daring manager who produced "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," I have the audacity to say that "Guy Domville" is a charming though uneven work, which has some rare qualities in a high degree, as well as substantial flaws.

To me Guy Domville, whose conduct offended the audience, is a quite comprehensible person. He was brought up more than a hundred years ago for the priesthood, since he was a younger member of a splendid old Catholic family. The influence of his priestly training was great—so great that, though constantly in the society of the charming widow, Mrs. Peverel, who loved him, it prevented the warm affection that he had for her from flowering into love. He was ready on the appointed day to go to France to take irrevocable vows; possibly, when once started, he might have found that he loved, since, unfortunately, we have a capacity for putting off till too late the appreciation of our feelings as well as the accomplishment of our duties.

There came strange, important news to him. He had suddenly become head of the great family, and threatened to be the end also, since he was the only living male. Human instinct, masking itself cunningly as duty, told him he should choose the higher path and be good and useful in the world instead of out of it, and that he ought not to let a noble family die. So he prayed the unhappy widow to wed his dear friend, Frank Humber, who loved her passionately, and went off into the great world of which he knew little save from his books.

Three months satisfied, disgusted him. I need not tell nicely all that happened. Putting it briefly, he found that Mary Brasier, the girl who was to have married him, was unwillingly willing to commit the crime of wedding him, though she loved George Round, her cousin—he hardly perceived that he intended to treat her as ill; that her mother, Mrs. Domville, wilfully cozened him as to the girl's feelings; that Lord Devenish, Mrs. Domville's assumed friend, was her guilty lover and father of Mary, and had corrupt motives for causing the marriage; that even George Round, instead of honestly telling the truth to him and relying on his manhood, had tried to trick him. All that he saw was venal, false, dishonest, shameful, and sinful, and he fled from the seeming hell into which he had wandered.

Back he went to Mrs. Peverel, but his calling was upon him. He had grown to love her, and knew it, and might have wedded her had he not found the hand of Devenish in the marriage. Then the idea of love and wedding grew to be, in his eyes, another snare. Like many other narrow-minded men, he felt that human happiness was a delusion, and that his love was but a trick of the enemy, whom he had come to know too well, and consequently, in his anxiety to avoid the world, the flesh, and the devil, he fled into the wilderness, leaving the widow, I hope, to wed the faithful, persistent Frank Humber.

Many a similar tale of renunciation by men brought up to believe that self-sacrifice is the one good can be cited, and to me Guy appears a true picture of a man whom I can understand and respect, if hardly sympathise with or imitate. No doubt, if he had married Mrs. Peverel, the audience would have been well enough pleased by the play, and certainly the motives of his conduct were not made clear to those who take no trouble to think; but I respect the courage of Mr. Henry James in clinging, at risk of failure, to his idea of the truth, and Mr. Alexander for consenting.

I have said that there are faults in the play—faults of indiscreet reticence, of needless violence in the second act, and of obscurity. Yet, on the other hand, there is great merit. Several of the characters are admirably put on the stage, are solid and lifelike—one feels that one could walk round them, to use a painter's phrase. Moreover, the dialogue is charming in its quiet humour and restrained pathos. The indescribable literary style is shown, and the curious flavour of past life; and how any intelligent educated person can fail to find the first act delightful, the second act interesting, if clumsy, and the third fascinating, though painful, I cannot understand.

Moreover, the mounting is perfect. The white panelled room of the last act, with its Sheraton chairs, wool pictures, embroidered bell-pulls, old blue Delft plates, silk screens, convex eagle-crowned mirror, &c., is delightful. Yet it is foolish to speak of mounting when there is the admirable acting of Mr. George Alexander, who is even at his best as Guy, and of Miss Marion Terry—the greatest of our actresses, to my mind—who plays exquisitely as Mrs. Peverel. Also there is Mr. Herbert Waring, who, as Frank Humber, the persevering lover, is manly and charming. Others, too, I might mention—Miss Evelyn Millard, who played admirably as Mary Brasier, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, a charming chambermaid. However, I have not space for all I would say, and will conclude with the remark that I hope to see the piece again, and trust we may soon have the third drama of Mr. Henry James. MONOCLE.

"THYRZA FLEMING."

We nearly had a quarrel, as we walked down the Strand, upon the question whether the relations before his wedding of Colonel Rivers with his mother-in-law, Thyrza Fleming, were *de facto* as well as *de jure* too intimate or not. The other fellow maintained that the Colonel never became the lover of Thyrza in the Divorce Court point of view. I had the contrary opinion. From this it is clear that, as in "The Case of Rebellious Susan," there is doubt on a moral question of importance arising in "Thyrza Fleming." Unfortunately, it happens that, while in Mr. H. A. Jones's work the doubt is one of mere academic interest, in Miss Leighton's it is a vital affair, for, if my view was right, the play is a tragedy, and if the other critic was correct, it may have been a "happy ever after" drama.

Moreover, before we reached the end of the Strand—it takes a terribly long time to get down the disgraceful street—we had a dispute upon the question whether Thyrza committed suicide or not. From this it may be guessed that the new play produced by the Independent Theatre is not quite a *chef d'œuvre*. And, indeed, it is not, but rather a crude, clumsy handling of an interesting subject, in which every fault that inexperience can commit marred work which shows real cleverness and decided promise. I am not one of those who cry for the so-called "well-made" play; yet, unfortunately, "Thyrza Fleming" goes too far; it is not so much ill made as half or quarter made.

Possibly the authoress, who has a great gift for character-drawing and skill in dialogue, was determined at any cost to be daring, modern, and unconventional, and wittingly broke laws adopted not merely by pedants, but by all writers of common sense. Perhaps her sins come of the "pure ignorance" of Dr. Johnson. At any rate, the piece is daring and unconventional, without being modern, for mere obscurity and crudity alone are not enough to show the spirit of an age which studies technique with a feverish anxiety to adopt methods of carrying out the phrase, "Ars est celare artem."

However, I cannot pretend to have been bored. The first act, in which Miss Winifred Fraser, as Pamela, the bride, and Mr. Bernard Gould, as her husband of five hours' standing, discussed the question of a wife's right to know her husband's secrets, was so neatly handled by the authoress, and admirably acted, that it proved entirely interesting. Miss Fraser, by the way, is clearly one of the coming actresses, since she has a rare quality—individuality of style—as well as great charm. Even when we came to Thyrza and Miss Esther Palliser—an excellent singer, but amateurish actress, who killed the part, despite some cleverness in small passages—interest did not die out; indeed, it became stronger, because curiosity and irritation reinforced it: curiosity, indeed, to such a pitch that I am disposed to go again to the play and try to set my mind at rest about the relations of Rivers and Thyrza and the suicide question. At any rate, Miss Leighton has shown so much cleverness in her trial work that I hope we shall soon see another and more judicious effort on her part at play-writing.



A CHRISTMAS CARD FROM THE POST OFFICE, CRADOCK, SOUTH AFRICA.

PRIVATE VIEW AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster were in evidence at Burlington House on Saturday, among an unusually large number of notabilities, two special attractions of the present Winter Exhibition, to both artists and dilettanti, being the loan collection of famous Rembrandts and other pictures from Grosvenor House, as well as a group of little-known Reynoldses from Lord Houghton's notable gallery. These pictures were left his nephew by the late Lord Crewe, that eccentric nobleman whose fondness for orchids constantly showed itself in his habit of wearing one in each buttonhole at dinner. Groups of admirers stood around lovely, laughing "Mrs. Crewe" and her children, severally painted, and acknowledged to count among the master's finest works. Through the rooms, familiar, well-known faces met one at every step. Georgina, Lady Dudley; Mrs. Patrick Campbell, dressed in black and blue; Mr. Beerbohm Tree; Lady Claire Feilding; a more than usually representative artistic contingent, with attendant wives and daughters; Mr. George Moore; Sir Arthur and Lady Blomfield, the latter with her sister, Miss Cecilia Radclyffe, of the Comedy; Sir Simon and Lady Stuart; Mr. Cyril Maude, and others never-endingly. How thankful women should be that sables have come in again! There is no greater friend of beauty, as its abundant and becoming use on Saturday amply testified. At all points this occasion was indeed evidently and picturesquely successful.

THE HUMOURS OF A MUNICIPAL COUNCIL.

Question: "What were corporations and municipal councils invented for?" Answer: "To disagree." But, if by chance or otherwise, a copy of Dr. Watts's hymn, profusely illustrated—that one about dogs and delight, I mean—ought to be hung up on the walls of every committee-room in every kingdom or republic within range. The sad case arises at Lille of a sculptor who has failed to finish a commission within a given time. That art is long we all admit, but with a municipal council burning to see a fellow sinner—I mean citizen—exalted in the public places, art should curtail itself as much as possible. To this postponed finality, much irritated argument is due, for, finding that the statue is still undecided in its exterior, some of the local nabobs wish it in one position, some in another. On one side they vote for undress—which does not mean in a state of nature, but the military definition of that word—while the other clamour for full war-paint, the deceased celebrity having been a General. Meanwhile, what of the artist who probably sits gnashing his teeth; that is, if through former commissions the Council have left him any to gnash with? I think if I were he I should bowl all the Council out by drawing the stumps!

THE
English Illustrated Magazine.

Edited by CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY 1895.

Extra Supplement: A Coloured Calendar of the Month.

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Jan. 9, 1895.

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MISS JESSIE BOND AS NANNA IN "HIS EXCELLENCY," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER MAKER STREET, N.W.

"AN IDEAL HUSBAND," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A TALK WITH MR. OSCAR WILDE.

On the morning following the production of "An Ideal Husband" I met Mr. Oscar Wilde as he came down the steps of a club at the top of St. James's Street, and I took advantage of the occasion to ask him what he thought of the attitude of the critics towards his play. "Well," he replied, as we walked slowly down the street, "for a man to be a dramatic critic is as foolish and as inartistic as it would be for a man to be a critic of epics, or a pastoral critic, or a critic of lyrics. All modes of art are one, and the modes of the art that employs words as its medium are quite indivisible. The result of the vulgar specialisation of criticism is an elaborate scientific knowledge of the stage—almost as elaborate as that of the stage-carpenter, and quite on a par with that of the call-boy—combined with an entire incapacity to realise that a play is a work of art, or to receive any artistic impressions at all."

"You are rather severe upon dramatic criticism, Mr. Wilde."

"English dramatic criticism of our own day has never had a single success, in spite of the fact that it goes to all the first nights."

"But," I suggested, "it is influential."

"Certainly; that is why it is so bad."

"I don't think I quite—"

"The moment criticism exercises any influence it ceases to be criticism. The aim of the true critic is to try and chronicle his own moods, not to try and correct the masterpieces of others."

"Real critics would be charming in your eyes, then?"

"Real critics? Ah, how perfectly charming they would be! I am always waiting for their arrival. An inaudible school would be nice. Why do you not found it?"

I was momentarily dazed at the broad vista that had been opened for me, but I retained my presence of mind, and asked—

"Are there absolutely no real critics in London?"

"There are just two."

"Who are they?" I asked eagerly.

Mr. Wilde, with the elaborate courtesy for which he has always been famous, replied, "I think I had better not mention their names; it might make the others so jealous."

"What do the literary cliques think of your plays?"

"I don't write to please cliques; I write to please myself. Besides, I have always had grave suspicions that the basis of all literary cliques is a morbid love of meat-teas. That makes them sadly uncivilised."

"Still, if your critics offend you, why don't you reply to them?"

"I have far too much time. But I think some day I will give a general answer, in the form of a lecture in a public hall, which I shall call 'Straight Talks to Old Men.'"

"What is your feeling towards your audiences—towards the public?"

"Which public? There are as many publics as there are personalities."

"Are you nervous on the night that you are producing a new play?"

"Oh, no, I am exquisitely indifferent. My nervousness ends at the last dress rehearsal; I know then what effect my play, as presented upon the stage, has produced upon me. My interest in the play ends there, and I feel curiously envious of the public—they have such wonderful fresh emotions in store for them."

I laughed, but Mr. Wilde rebuked me with a look of surprise.

"It is the public, not the play, that I desire to make a success," he said.

"But I'm afraid I don't quite understand—"

"The public makes a success when it realises that a play is a work of art. On the three first nights I have had in London the public has been most successful, and had the dimensions of the stage admitted of it, I would have called them before the curtain. Most managers, I believe, call them behind."

"I imagine, then, that you don't hold with the opinion that the public is the patron of the dramatist?"

"The artist is always the munificent patron of the public. I am very fond of the public, and, personally, I always patronise the public very much."

"What are your views upon the much-vexed question of subject-matter in art?"

"Everything matters in art, except the subject."

When I recovered I said, "Several plays have been written lately that deal with the monstrous injustice of the social code of morality at the present time."

"Ah," answered Mr. Wilde, with an air of earnest conviction, "it is indeed a burning shame that there should be one law for men and another law for women. I think"—he hesitated, and a smile as swift as Sterne's "hectic of a moment" flitted across his face—"I think that there should be no law for anybody."

"In writing, do you think that real life or real people should ever give one inspiration?"

"The colour of a flower may suggest to one the plot of a tragedy: a passage in music may give one the setting of a sonnet; but whatever actually occurs gives the artist no suggestion. Every romance that one has in one's life is a romance lost to one's art. To introduce real people into a novel or a play is a sign of an unimaginative mind, a coarse, untutored observation, and an entire absence of style."

"I'm afraid I can't agree with you, Mr. Wilde. I frequently see types and people who suggest ideas to me."

"Everything is of use to the artist except an idea."

After this I was silent, until Mr. Wilde pointed to the bottom of the street and drew my attention to the "apricot-coloured palace" which we were approaching. So I continued my questioning.

"The enemy has said that your plays lack action."

"Yes; English critics always confuse the action of a play with the incidents of a melodrama. I wrote the first act of 'A Woman of No Importance' in answer to the critics who said that 'Lady Windermere's Fan' lacked action. In the act in question there was absolutely no action at all. It was a perfect act."

"What do you think is the chief point the critics have missed in your new play?"

"Its entire psychology—the difference in the way in which a man loves a woman from that in which a woman loves a man, the passion that women have for making ideals (which is their weakness) and the weakness of a man who dare not show his imperfections to the thing he loves. The end of Act I., the end of Act II., and the scene in the last act, when Lord Goring points out the higher importance of a man's life over a woman's—to take three prominent instances—seem to have been quite missed by most of the critics. They failed to see their meaning; they really thought it was a play about a bracelet. We must educate our critics—we must really educate them," said Mr. Wilde, half to himself.

"The critics subordinate the psychological interest of a play to its mere technique. As soon as a dramatist invents an ingenious situation they compare him with Sardou. But Sardou is an artist not because of his marvellous instinct of stage-craft, but in spite of it: in the third act of 'La Tosca,' the scene of the torture, he moved us by a terrible human tragedy, not by his knowledge of stage-methods. Sardou is not understood in England because he is only known through a rather ordinary travesty of his play 'Dora,' which was brought out here under the title of 'Diplomacy.' I have been considerably amused by so many of the critics suggesting that the incident of the diamond bracelet in Act III. of my new play was suggested by Sardou. It does not occur in any of Sardou's plays, and it was not in my play until less than ten days before production. Nobody else's work gives me any suggestion. It is only by entire isolation from everything that one can do any work. Idleness gives one the mood in which to write, isolation the conditions. Concentration on oneself reveals the new and wonderful world that one presents in the colour and cadence of words in movement."

"And yet we want something more than literature in a play," said I.

"That is merely because the critics have always propounded the degrading dogma that the duty of the dramatist is to please the public. Rossetti did not weave words into sonnets to please the public, and Corot did not paint silver and gray twilights to please the public. The mere fact of telling an artist to adopt any particular form of art, in order to please the public, makes him shun it. We shall never have a real drama in England until it is recognised that a play is as personal and individual a form of self-expression as a poem or a picture."

"I'm afraid you don't like journalists?" I remarked nervously.

"The journalist is always reminding the public of the existence of the artist. That is unnecessary of him. He is always reminding the artist of the existence of the public. That is indecent of him."

"But we must have journalists, Mr. Wilde."

"Why? They only record what happens. What does it matter what happens? It is only the abiding things that are interesting, not the horrid incidents of everyday life. Creation, for the joy of creation, is the aim of the artist, and that is why the artist is a more divine type than the saint. The artist arrives at his own moment, with his own mood. He may come with terrible purple tragedies, he may come with dainty rose-coloured comedies—What a charming title!" added Mr. Wilde, with a smile. "I must write a play and call it 'A Rose-Coloured Comedy.'"

"What are the exact relations between literature and the drama?"

"Exquisitely accidental. That is why I think them so necessary."

"And the exact relations between the actor and the dramatist?"

Mr. Wilde looked at me with a serious expression which changed almost immediately into a smile, as he replied, "Usually a little strained."

"But surely you regard the actor as a creative artist?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Wilde, with a touch of pathos in his voice; "terribly creative—terribly creative!"

"Do you consider the future outlook of the English stage is hopeful?"

"I think it must be. The critics have ceased to prophesy. That is something. It is in silence that the artist arrives. What is waited for never succeeds; what is heralded is hopeless."

We were nearing the sentries at Marlborough House, and I said—

"Won't you tell me a little more, please? Let us walk down Pall Mall—exercise is such a good thing."

"Exercise!" he ejaculated, with an emphasis that almost warrants italics, "the only possible form of exercise is to talk, not to walk."

And as he spoke he motioned to a passing hansom. We shook hands, and Mr. Wilde, giving me a glance of approval, said—

"I am sure that you must have a great future in literature before you."

"What makes you think so?" I asked, as I flushed with pleasure at the prediction.

"Because you seem to me such a very bad interviewer. I feel sure that you must write poetry. I certainly like the colour of your necktie very much. Good-bye."

GILBERT BURGESS.

AN OPINION OF "AN IDEAL HUSBAND."

One curious fact must strike anyone who compares Mr. Oscar Wilde's new work with "A Woman of No Importance" or "Lady Windermere's Fan." Everyone expected, and correctly, that the jokes in the latest piece would show a falling-off in quality, would seem a mere after-crop; but, on the other hand, it was imagined that "An Ideal Husband" would exhibit a decided advance so far as the actual drama is concerned, and this proved to be by no means the case. Indeed, one cannot discover any aspect of the piece in which it does not display great inferiority to the earlier works. It certainly is surprising that in so young a dramatist one should find a decided falling-off.

However, it may be remarked that perhaps the relative inferiority of "An Ideal Husband" is due, to some extent, to change of method. "Lady Windermere's Fan" and "A Woman of No Importance" were ingenious plays of character—perhaps not human, but Wilde character—with stagey scenes rather cleverly handled to give movement to them. "An Ideal Husband" is a mere play of intrigue. One could believe easily that it was written by a disciple of Mr. Wilde, who had been studying, insufficiently, the school of Scribe, as well as the joke-manufacturing process of the famous pseudo-epigrammatist. It may seem strange that Mr. Wilde's play should be old-fashioned, since the author is supposed to be ultra-modern; yet no one could well deny that the sense of weariness it sometimes causes is due partly to the fact that it is antiquated in method, and that the method is not well handled.

There is hardly a character in the piece in whom one detects any signs of life. Ere now the author has shown a curious gift for presenting characters not founded on observation or exactly truthful, but effective and interesting. I should be very sorry, for instance, not to have had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Mrs. Erlynne. In "An Ideal Husband," unfortunately, there is no Mrs. Erlynne. Of the four characters of importance, not one is interesting.

Mr. Clement Scott has already with force denounced the heroine who falls away from the man she loves the moment that disgrace and trouble threaten him. To me there seems in Lady Chiltern an effort to reproduce a petticoat Torvald Helmer. Unluckily, while the husband in "A Doll's House" is so full of fine touches of life that one understands his point of view, believes in his conduct, and is sorry for him, Lady Chiltern seems a heartless, dull person of no quality at all. The husband is the mere puppet of the dramatist—a peg to hang phrases upon; a thing to do this and that, whenever needed.

The third of the quartet, Mrs. Cheveley the adventuress, seemed more hopeful. Surely this disreputable woman, a thief and liar at school, a woman with many "pasts," who comes blackmailing armed with an incriminating letter written years before by Sir Robert, should be fascinating? Really, she is not a bit less clumsy and wearisome than the ordinary female villain of the Adelphi. She says a few smart things to atone for doing stupid things, and that is all one can find in her favour.

No doubt, the last of the four is fairly entertaining, and, indeed, by dint of the brilliant acting of Mr. Charles Hawtrey, the only member of a strong company who really made a hit, Lord Goring went down very well. There is something entertaining in the picture of the rather elderly young fop, who makes one doubt whether he is a fool with some cleverness and good sense, or a clever fellow who affects folly. Had it not been for the fact that he and Miss Maude Millett, as the customary pair of comic lovers, caused some amusement in the last act, it would have been very dull.

Speaking, then, of the piece as a whole, for the other characters are mere conversation-machines, I am bound to say that it is rather tedious. This is surprising, for, as a rule, the works of clever people are rarely tedious, however irritating they may be. However, the memory of long scenes of empty cackle, in which all the people made jokes, of which not more than ten per cent. were amusing, is hard to bear. To listen to lines such as "Society is composed of beautiful idiots and brilliant lunatics," "Men can be analysed, women only adored"; "I don't call them clever, I call them stupid—the same thing often," &c., is very hard upon those who do not like shoddy epigrams.

No better proof of my remarks can there be than the fact that such a powerful company distinguished itself so little. If anyone had told me I should ever be glad to see such a brilliant actress as Miss Fanny Brough make her exit, I should have been incredulous; but I was, for even her skill proved unavailing. Not all the beauty of Miss Julia Neilson, whose method grows worse and worse, the force and restraint of Mr. Lewis Waller, the intensity and vigour of Miss Florence West, or

the sound technique of Mr. Alfred Bishop, could make them stand out. Mr. Hawtrey alone had a real success, while Mr. Brookfield's clever method made him prominent in a small part as a servant. The mounting was very handsome, and the many gorgeous gowns will interest the ladies, though, from my point of view, clever as was the workmanship, most of the hats and *confections* seemed unsuccessful experiments tried on the English by Parisian modistes.

MONOCLE.

MR. LEWIS WALLER INTERVIEWED.

It began with the coal-box. It was a new and elaborate coal-box, and its "make up" was absolutely perfect for its part, which consisted (on the day I formed its acquaintance) of offering a comfortable support to any who would trust it, as well as making itself useful in its own natural walk of life. It stood against a newly papered wall in a newly furnished office at 21, Haymarket, one of the offices sacred to the business transactions of the newly established firm of theatrical managers, Mr. Lewis Waller and Mr. Morell. On the particular day with which I am concerned there were a great many people who wanted to see either Mr. Waller or Mr. Morell, and, though there seemed, at first glance, a plenitude of chairs, there were not as many as there were candidates for them. And some of the people were very important-looking indeed. Now, I was *not* important-looking, and for that reason I gravitated toward the coal-box, when I found that, at the moment, Mr. Lewis Waller was not sufficiently at leisure for an "interview." "He will be able to see you in a very few minutes," said somebody; and I supposed that, as usual, the "few minutes" would develop into half an hour. But, on the contrary, the first characteristic I was given the opportunity of discovering in Mr. Waller was that of marvellous exactness in keeping an engagement. Perhaps it may be one of the many others which have helped him to his present success.

I was speedily ushered into another room, a species of *sanctum sanctorum*, and there found myself confronted by two tall, handsome young men. I was obliged fairly to wave aside a certain filmy, bluish curtain before I could be quite sure which was Mr. Waller and which Mr. Morell, and they proceeded therewith to apologise profusely for its existence—the curtain being made of smoke.

"I'm afraid I'm a rabid smoker," laughed Mr. Waller. "I can't think, I can't study, I can't do any sort of work well, unless I'm smoking; and I'm never so thoroughly content as when I have a cigarette in my hand—except when it's in my mouth. I believe the one thing in the world which would have the power to make me completely miserable would be to debar me from smoking. I'd far rather look out in front at the theatre, and see a wretchedly bad house—which is something to say, you know, now that I'm on the eve of becoming my own manager.

But"—with an amused glance at my formidable note-book—"you are not putting that stuff down, are you? Everybody who knows me found out all that long ago."

"And now a good many people who don't know you will find it out. But won't you tell me something about your managerial plans and prospects?"

"We have no plans, no manifesto, no programme. We have several good plays in hand for our season at the Haymarket; we may not need them all—we may need even more. The future will care for itself. And though I am, I think, one of the least superstitious of men, either in my own profession or outside, I shouldn't think it lucky to map out for the public a long series of plans at the beginning of a new undertaking."

"Do you know," said Mr. Waller presently, "I believe it takes a certain amount of moral courage to be interviewed? I've always tried to avoid egotism, especially as actors have the reputation, outside the profession, of being a self-centred tribe. But you are forcing it upon me, in spite of myself. You want me to tell you about my 'callow days'? Well, we were far from being a theatrical family. My father was a civil engineer, and exceedingly fond of reading good poetry in his leisure hours. I was taught to recite his favourite poems in my holidays, and I believe that gave me my first craving for the stage. But, though it came indirectly through my father's influence, neither he nor my mother wished me to enter the profession, when I told them of my strong desire. I was sent into 'the City,' and consoled myself by blossoming out as a very ambitious amateur, though, by the way, I was never trusted with any big parts. Usually, you know, the amateur revels in Hamlet, and thinks himself lucky, when he is a professional, to get Horatio. But it



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

MR. WALLER AS CAVARADOSSI IN "LA TOSCA."

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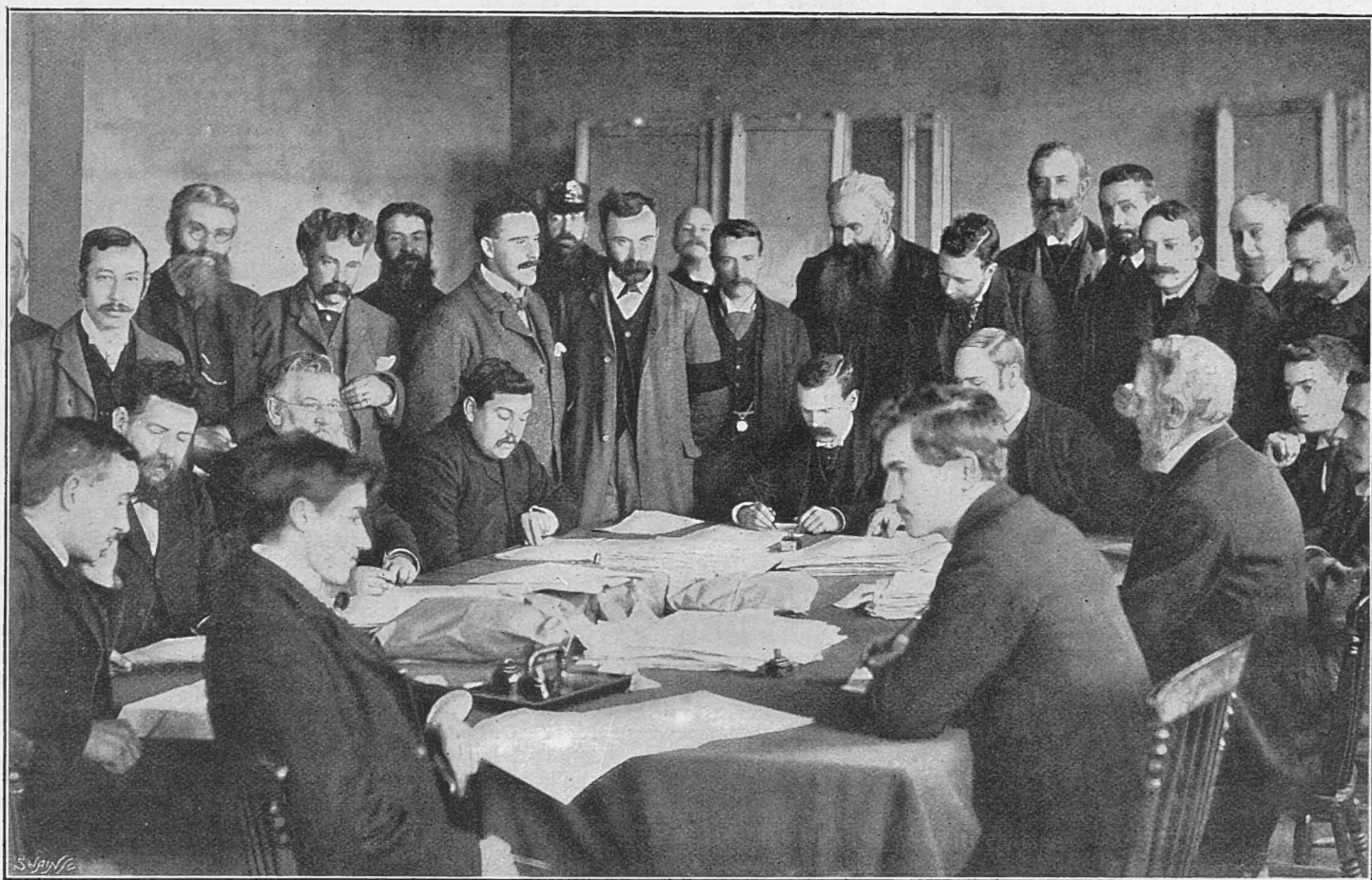
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SMALL TALK.

The *tableaux* given at Osborne last week were most elaborate and beautiful, and the dresses of the performers were magnificent; but there were rather too many pictures, and the affair became tiresome before the programme was concluded. The *tableaux* were nominally got up by the Princess Beatrice, but Colonel Collins and Mr. Muther, the Queen's German Secretary, who acted as joint stage-managers, had all the hard work of the performance. The Indian Room, brilliantly lighted by electricity, and with the white walls well set off by the oriental hangings of yellow, blue, and crimson, looked most beautiful, the superb display of palms and hot-house flowers, arranged in front of the proscenium, greatly adding to the effect. The band of the Royal Marines played in the gallery, and the whole affair went off without the slightest hitch. The Indian Room at Osborne has cost the Queen over £25,000, more than double the sum which was originally intended to be spent upon it. The decorations were designed at the Mayo School of Art at Lahore by Ram Singh, and afterwards carried out by him at Osborne with a staff of native workmen, in order that the plans might

of £500 per annum will be divided between them. The Duchess of Athole is to be in attendance on the Queen—or upon the Princess who is her Majesty's representative—at any Court functions which may take place before Easter, and the Duchess of Roxburghe will be on duty during the latter part of the season. The only duty of the Mistress of the Robes at present is to be in attendance at Drawing Rooms, State Concerts, and State Balls, for she never goes to Court for any other functions unless specially summoned by the Queen.

The appointment by her Majesty of the Chevalier Eduardo de Martino as her Marine Painter in Ordinary, in succession to the late Sir Oswald Brierly, seems the fulfilment of the hint contained in an article on him in these columns last July. The Chevalier is a middle-aged man, with a wonderful knack of pleasing royalty, and before her Majesty conferred this new honour upon him he held official recognitions from Dom Pedro, the late Emperor of Brazil, from the German Emperor, and from his own Sovereign, Il Re Umberto I. His work, perhaps, is not of great popularity in this country, and, indeed, I have met critics who are absolutely ignorant of his existence, which is surprising, seeing that some of his carefully drawn pictures of ships have appeared in the



BERKHAMSTED PARISH COUNCIL: COUNTING THE VOTES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. T. NEWMAN, BERKHAMSTED.

be properly executed. The room has been most perfectly and splendidly orientalised, and is the finest example of Indian internal decoration in Europe.

The Queen is now in excellent health, the cold weather always benefitting her Majesty in every respect, especially at Osborne, which she usually finds far too relaxing when the weather is mild. The Queen has been out in the private grounds every morning in her donkey-chair, and has taken a drive in the park, or in the neighbourhood, every afternoon. Sir Henry and Lady Ponsonby are to have some private theatricals next week at Osborne Cottage, at which the Queen and the other royalties staying at Osborne are to be present.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck, who have been entertaining a succession of visitors at White Lodge, are to be the guests of the Queen at Osborne next week, and will stay there for three days. The Duke and Duchess will probably go to the Riviera early in February for a few weeks, and, should they do so, will be the guests of Monsieur and Madame de Falbe, at the Villa Valetta, Cannes. The White Lodge in Richmond Park is "lent" to the Duke and Duchess of Teck as a country house, and can only be held by them during the Queen's pleasure. For many years it was the residence of the late Duchess of Gloucester, and when it fell to the Crown the Queen purchased the furniture and fittings on behalf of the Prince of Wales, but, after a short trial, he declined to live there, and her Majesty then took over the contents of the house for her own use.

The Dowager Duchesses of Athole and Roxburghe will again share the duties pertaining to the office of Mistress of the Robes, and the salary

Graphic, and that, some years ago, he had the honour of painting a set of Christmas cards which sold very well. Possibly English artists will grumble at the appointment; but although the view expressed in "Pinafore"—that it is greatly to the hero's credit that he should choose to remain an Englishman—is popular with the people of England, it is hardly accepted by royalty, and possibly the Chevalier's main title to the honour that has been conferred upon him is that he is not one of her Majesty's subjects.

Berkhamsted, which is best known to the world at large as the birthplace of William Cowper, is now in proud possession of a parish council. The accompanying illustration depicts the scene when the returning officer and his staff reached the last batch of voting-papers, many of the candidates being present, eagerly waiting to see whether their fellow-townfolk had elected them to the local parliament. Such events must give quite a new zest to life in the country, although it may rob it of some of the Arcadian conditions that tradition has assigned to the rule of the squire and the parson.

Why is Goldsmith's grave still left without the protecting railing which has so long been under discussion? He lies in a quiet enough corner of the Temple, it is true, but not so out of ken as that the ubiquitous urchin may not often sprawl or tramp over his quiet dust. Funds are forthcoming in this big, rich city for so many matters of the moment that it would surely need little pleading to provide sufficient wherewithal by which a railing and tablet might be added to the inadequate stone coffin, from which the inscription is already half effaced. How many of us who crowd to hear our greatest actor in poor Oliver's play are conscious that his grave goes without a railing for a fifty-pound note?

I congratulate the *Times* and the *Daily Chronicle* on a new competition in journalism. The *Chronicle* announces that it is about to publish one of Messrs. Cassell's dictionaries in sixpenny parts. The *Times*, a little later in the field, informs its aristocratic clients that they will soon have the privilege of buying, at a low figure, from Printing House Square, an atlas, also in parts, and also, I understand, originally the property of Messrs. Cassell. Evidently this brilliant rivalry cannot stop here. It is whispered that the *Daily News* is going to give away an illustrated edition of *Aesop's Fables*, to the style of which the leading articles in *Bouverie Street* have so long borne a flattering resemblance. The *Morning Advertiser* does not care for literature, but every subscriber on and after the first of April next will receive a daily pint of beer or stout. The *Standard*, being nothing if not Conservative, intends to fall back on the traditional pound of tea; and the *Morning Post* will improve on this example with two pounds. As for the *Daily Telegraph*, I learn that, after anxious deliberation, Sir Edward Lawson has resolved to present every purchaser of that paper with a ticket of admission to the Drury Lane pantomime. The atlas, it may be mentioned, was first offered to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and refused.

Whenever Shakspeare is presented on the stage some voice is sure to be lifted in protest against such profanation of the bard. And now a fastidious circle has discovered that it is equally profane to dramatise the Arthurian legend. There will be no mysticism, says this prophet, no Holy Grail at the Lyceum, nothing but a commonplace story of rapine and the stage-carpenter. I have reason to believe that the Holy Grail and all the other mystical things are in Mr. Comyns Carr's play, and that, if Mr. Irving prides himself on anything, it is on his ambition to suggest the supernatural atmosphere. However, he is evidently regarded by the Arthurian priest as a fitting subject for a woeeful new ballad of the *Wolrus* and the *Stage-Carpenter*, from which I have taken one or two extracts—

The *Wolrus* and the *Carpenter* walked on a mile or so,
And all the ancient legends stood waiting in a row.

"The time has come," the *Wolrus* said, "to set the gorgeous scene,
Where I shall prance about as King, and Ellen T. as Queen,
So take these ancient legends, Jon, and cut them nice and lean."

"Oh! don't, Sir, please!" the legends cried, looking a little blue,
"After such kindness that would be a dismal thing to do."
Said the *Wolrus* to the *Carpenter*, "I like old Trollop's view."

Mr. Arthur Henry Girdlestone, the editor of *Pick-Me-Up*, has done a deal of work in his time. He is a native of Poonah, and after surviving the cholera and other ills that Indian flesh is heir to, he came to England and succumbed to the *avunculæ scribandi* while at Oxford. From New College he poured verses and stories into London, and to the *Man of the World* is due the credit of giving his efforts the baptism of printer's ink. After abandoning all thoughts of the Indian Civil Service, on which his hopes had once been placed, he finished his University career and descended upon the Metropolis. Here he found *Woman* and sub-edited her, passed through the *St. Stephen's Review*, and finally helped the *Sun* to shine on Sundays. After that he took the reins at *Pick-Me-Up*. He is a smart writer and good editor, but he and I disagree on a matter of national importance. He is heretical enough to prefer up-to-date ballads to classical or mythological ones. Moreover, he sneers at the costume of the premiere danseuse. Apart from these grave spots on the sun of his intellect, I have respect for him. It



MR. A. H. GIRDLESTONE.
Photo by Messrs. G. & S. Adams, Strand.

will be one of the duties of my life to bring him back to the fold of orthodoxy, and I look forward to the time when he will thank me for pointing out the charm of abbreviated skirts and the abomination of modernity.

How is it that no writer has ever attempted to do justice to Suburbia's last train? I refer to the train that takes the suburban theatre-goer to his home outside the four-mile radius. Whether he be going to Wimbledon, Balham, Croydon, Crouch End, or any intermediate station on the various railway lines, the suburban theatre-goer is the object of my respectful admiration. I will state a few of the causes of my interest. In the first place, his headgear is weird and wonderful, and,

seen with it on, he looks like an elegant figure that has been completed in a hurry. He may wear immaculate evening-dress, his shoes and gloves may be without reproach, but the Gibus he knows not. He wears, for preference, a smoking-cap, a shooting-cap, a travelling-cap; I have known him in the summer-time to even sport a straw. And the wife of his chest, or sister of his fancy—that is, his own sister, or the sister of his friend—manifests the same disregard to head-gear. Hers is usually a duplicate of her companion's, secured to her head with a long black pin. The reason of this I am utterly unable to fathom. Such head-gear is not beautiful; the cost of a rational hat is too reasonable to suggest economy as the cause for the eccentricity. A diligent study of my "*Sartor Resartus*" has brought me no nearer to a solution of the problem.

I could divide the genus suburban theatre-goer into many classes, but I have many matters to discuss, and can't spare the space. I will just devote a few words to the most objectionable specimen in order that it may amend its ways. The specimen is the snob, and is met with in male and female varieties. Gallantry shall keep me from attacking the latter. The male snob comes on to the platform with a lady on his arm. He looks for a well-filled carriage, and summons the guard to ask if it is the right train. He enters the carriage, unbuttons his top-coat, and takes off the silk handkerchief worn round his neck, so that everybody may see his white necktie and ponderous stud. He takes a preliminary look round, and then, addressing his lady, talks at the rest of the people in the carriage. Listen to him for a few minutes and you will know the piece he has seen and the part of the house from which he saw it. Should he have had a private box, he will not infrequently drop the counterfoil. He gives off theatrical reminiscences until he reaches his destination, but, as they nearly all relate to the particular part of the house from which he saw some masterpiece, they are not altogether free from a suspicion of monotony. On reaching his destination, the theatre-going snob will look around him for the last time, and, if he finds himself the object of everybody's regard, he feels that his time has not been wasted. Of course, no suspicion that this talk is blatantly vulgar ever enters his not too intellectual head.

A correspondent, all the way from Los Angeles, California, sends me a long letter, in which he (or is it she?) says: "I see your paper regularly and send it to friends, and we all enjoy it very much. Why are not some English papers published here? for in many of the papers here things are published every week that one cannot call friendly to England. Why is this, I wonder? Is it jealousy, or what?" As a sample, my correspondent sends me some cuttings from the Los Angeles *Times*—for instance, one J. de Q. Donehue, in the course of a "copyright" article, discusses how John Bull "comes nearer owning the earth than anyone before him." In the course of this tirade we are told that John Bull is not "remarkable for beauty, his ancestry is mongrel, his temper bad, and his disposition far from agreeable." What really rouses the wrath of J. de Q. Donehue is the fact that John Bull "has the wisdom of the serpent." The pervasion of this article is very amusing: "Great as a land-grabber is John Bull; but does he ever reflect that some people of tender consciences would consider it not altogether right to take for his own the fatherlands even of Hindoos, Malays, Indians, and negroes? Uncle Sam, it is true, has in his possession three million square miles of land that is stained with the blood of the Red Man. Perhaps he has no right to throw stones at John; but at least this can be said in his favor, that he needed this empire for his own residence, and that he has used it. But not even can this excuse be entered in favor of the most of John's four times greater land thefts. Eternal justice may accept the plea that inferior races have no rights that an Englishman is bound to respect, but that it will do so is certainly not probable. Wherefore it is to be argued that a day of reckoning will surely come for John."

Then, again, "Cockayne," writing from London to the San Francisco *Argonaut*, proffers the eulogy on England recently delivered by Mr. Bayard at Wilmington, Del.: "Bayard is but another victim of the English friendship delusion. Moreover, it is not altogether to be wondered at. Like his illustrious predecessors, he sees England as an American, but through the complimentary spectacles of an ambassador. He should travel about a bit as a plain American, and get some genuine experiences before he airs his opinions at home."

Tommy Atkins has many admirable qualities, but one does not look to him as a translator of Latin verse. Yet I have received from a bombardier stationed at Siciness a translation of one of the lesser odes of "the tenderest of Roman poets." "I cannot," he says, "at the present moment assign its number, as my only books of reference are War Office manuals, but it begins, I think, "*Comitis bene apud me*":

Nobly thou'lt dine, Fabullus, with thy friend.
In few brief hours, should fate and fortune smile,
If for thy greeting thou wilt bring a pile
Of oases and dainties and a balbe to bland
Her charms with wit and wine and mirth. Ah! send
All these, and joy shall gild our hours the while.
My nurse, true truth to speak, and naught of guile,
Is full of cupidity that hath no end.
Yet all these gifts with largesse I'll requite
Of joy and all that's most divinely sweet.
It is a perfume that the graces mete
Unto my lady for her sole delight.
Sniff thou but once, and eagerly to heaven
Thou'lt pray to turn to nose thy senses seven.



MISS MARION TERRY, NOW APPEARING IN "GUY DOMVILLE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

Christmas cards have become quite a national institution, and the ingenuity with which they are fashioned in every possible shape and colour seems endless. One of the notable sets of cards this season has



A NOBLE OF 1350.

been that which the proprietors of Johannis have sent out. It consists of eight cards, printed in twelve or fifteen colours, showing (copyrighted) designs for fancy-dress ball costumes. The company started the idea among our American cousins, and it "caught on" to such a degree that many enthusiastic applicants had to go away empty. Thus, such of my readers as worship at the shrine of "Terpsichore" in fancy dress should apply at once to The Johannis Company, Limited, 25, Regent Street, London, for a set of their pretty cards. The ingenuity shown in advertising is indeed wonderful. The very latest thing I have seen is a device adopted by Messrs. Day and Martin, who issue a pack of cards of standard size, with their advertisement on the back of each.

A striking departure has just taken place in French journalism. *Le Quotidien Illustré* is making a gallant effort to provide a first-rate illustrated daily for the price of ten centimes (one penny). Not only so, but the editors are making a special feature of coloured illustrations, and succeed, considering the many difficulties in the way, remarkably well. The portraits of topical celebrities are also

excellent, and among the well-known artists who have promised their collaboration to the new venture is Renouard, who has already contributed a striking cartoon entitled "Winter," and dealing with those sinister *bas-fonds* of Parisian life which to him possess so powerful a fascination. *Le Quotidien Illustré* has also the ambition of placing at least an idea of the great art of the world before its readers, and, with this end in view, reproductions—less successful, however, than other features of the paper—of Vandykes, Holbeins, and the works of one or two modern masters, have been given.

The epitaph which Robert Louis Stevenson wrote for himself was brief and simple indeed; and yet, how numerous, how elaborate the threnodies that have been written on him! I think one of the truest of them all is that which Mrs. Hinkson contributes to the *National Observer*. Some of the lines are very happy—

Thou boy, unspoilt by wind and weather,
The boy's heart and the man's together.

I like the last three verses best of all—

Hast tired of following in the track
Of the blithe pipes? Loosed thy pack
And entered at the low inn-door
Where many a traveller stooped before?
Among the stars hast laid thy head?
And on the mountains made thy bed?
And amid chainless winds, their peer,
Rested thy heart, adventurer?

Aye, or perhaps thy spirit strong,
Free of the body and its wrong,
Foots it beyond the eye of day,
"Over the hills and far away."

Mr. Albert Gilmer has happily recovered from his long illness of typhoid fever, and hopes to leave for Torquay in a few days to recruit his strength, after which he looks forward to soon be in harness again. He is only one of many members of the theatrical profession who owe a debt of gratitude to the kindly and distinguished physician, Dr. Robson Roose, who, with the unremitting attention and care of his colleague, Dr. Sapp, has pulled him through an illness that at one time seemed hopeless.

Japanese civilisation has shown itself in nothing more strongly than the humanity displayed to their wounded enemies, their hospitals being at present in many cases three-parts-full of incapacitated Celestials. An English officer has written to a friend in Town, describing with enthusiasm the arrangements of several Japanese infirmaries which he has lately visited, and which, he says, compare well with many institutions in England, all the doctors being Japanese, who have graduated either

in England or America, and in many cases taken a clinical course subsequently either in Paris or Berlin. "How," he adds, "could the hopelessly ignorant Chinese compete with such enlightened people as these neighbours, whom they have been arrogantly styling dwarfs and pigmies all along!" The pigmy has expanded in directions of which the pigtail knew nothing, however, and an interesting account is given in the same letter of the amazement of a mandarin, whose leg, splintered by a small-bore rifle bullet, was skilfully amputated while he was under the influence of an anæsthetic in one of the hospitals mentioned. "You have not killed me, then?" he said, on coming to himself. "No," answered one of the surgeons standing by; "this is Japan, not China"—"at which," my informant continues, "the beggar, imperturbable as he was, could not resist a smile."

Among the unsuccessful candidates at the recent yestry election in Westminster were two notable women-workers, Mrs. Sidney Webb (Miss Beatrice Potter) and Miss Alys Pearsall-Smith, who became, the day before the election, the Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell. Mrs. Russell is not only a well-known figure in London political and literary society, but has long been, notwithstanding her youth, one of Lady Henry Somerset's most valued supporters in the Temperance cause. The bridegroom strongly recalls in personal appearance the portraits of his grandfather, the great "Lord John," whose fame so far eclipsed that of his brother, the then Duke of Bedford. Mr. Russell, who has but lately left Cambridge, was Eighth Wrangler of his year, and acted for a time as one of Lord Dufferin's unpaid *attachés* to the Paris Embassy.

The Friends' Meeting-House in St. Martin's Lane, where the wedding took place, is a square, severe-looking little hall, built over the site of Roubiliac's first studio. On the wedding-day the place was filled with a large gathering of the relations and friends of both bride and groom. Stanleys and Russells were in great force, and though the Dowager Countess Russell was unable, owing to ill-health, to be present, Lady Stanley of Alderley and her son-in-law, the Earl of Carlisle, were among



Photo by the Cameron Studios, Mortimer Street, Regent Street, W.
HON. MRS. BERTRAND RUSSELL.

the first to sign the parchment register which serves to remind Quaker couples of their wedding-day and of those who attended the ceremony. Among the many present I noticed Canon and Mrs. Wilberforce, Mr. I. Zangwill, and Mr. Will Rothenstein, whose striking portrait of Miss Pearsall-Smith formed one of the *clous* of last year's New English Art Club, Mr. and Mrs. Cobden Sanderson, and Earl Russell; and Mr. Edward Clifford, the artist-friend of Father Damien, acted as usher. The Hon. Bertrand and Mrs. Russell are spending their honeymoon in Germany and Holland.

SOME LONDON ART SCHOOLS.

I.—A VISIT TO THE SLADE SCHOOL.

"A real porter's lodge and an orthodox porter! In my days there was only Enery and the old woman who looked after our outdoor gear," quoth my companion as we entered the north wing of University College, and a solemn official emerged from a glass-screened lodge to ask our quest.



WHILE THE MODEL RESTS.

We had fared forth to see the new art in its cradle. We had measured the dreary length of Gower Street, and turned in at the wide gates of University College. I had grown sceptical during that pilgrimage. Could the new art flourish in Gower Street, and, moreover, in an academic institution of aspect so austere, so grimly, Philistinely respectable as University College? Inside the north wing, where art and some science are housed together, it looked no more promising. It was all so bare and clean and orderly, so respectable, so *triste*—that stone corridor, that uncompromising flight of stone stairs facing the doorway. "You are in London, not in Paris," they seemed to say. "In the Quartier art may flaunt in whatever picturesque *négligée* she pleases. Here she attires herself trimly, severely, tailor-madely—Bloomsbury must not be outraged."

But while we waited a summons to the Professor, the clock hands pointed towards twelve. There was a rustle in the upper regions, a sound of voices could be heard, and groups of girls; most of them wearing paint-smudged smocks and pinafores, began to appear on the stairs, an occasional boy student, on his way from the antique class, where men and women study together, emphasising the prevalence of the other sex.

"A new generation, younger on the whole, and less æsthetic than we were," remarked the ex-Sladeite, as two pretty girls, one a mere child, passed us. Sweet seventeen seemed to be about the average age of the present girl Slade student.

Our observations were interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Fred Brown, the present Slade Professor. He looked a little grave at first. He thought we had come to ask to be admitted as students, and already all the classes, except the men's life class, are crowded to their utmost limit. We explained our mission, but he still looked grave. They did not want to be written about. We had lighted on these phenomena—a man and an institution that neither needed nor desired advertisement. Indeed, it was only when he heard we had not specially singled out the Slade School for our journalistic siege, but merely meant to give it its proper place among the other London Art Schools, that the Professor unbent, and led the way to his sanctum, a small room on the ground floor.

That room proved an excellent starting-point for our investigations. The holidays were just over, and the vacation studies of the College Sketch Club had come in. These and sundry other studies; the results of the monthly *concours* or competitions, which are a feature of the school, were awaiting the Professor's judgment. Ranged on a ledge half-way up the walls, and overflowing on to the floor, were landscapes, studies of flowers, portraits, subject studies, and, here and there, some brilliantly coloured design for a poster. The unconventionality of all, the cleverness of many, were evident even at a first glance. The Professor, who had, no doubt, meant to beat a retreat as soon as courtesy permitted, drifted almost unconsciously into comment and criticism of the various compositions, and, with the enthusiasm of the born teacher, forgot all else in the interest of telling of his pupils and their work. Nothing could have been more fortunate for our purpose, for that tour of the room gave us some idea of Professor Brown's views on art education, and an indication of the tendencies of the School.

The subject for the holiday competition was the children of Israel mocking the prophet Elisha. Out of the twelve or fourteen studies, in one only was the subject treated conventionally. It was, I afterwards learned, the work of a student who had studied under another *régime* than that of Professor Brown. Though it was undoubtedly the most finished work, it was to the others—some of them at first sight startlingly callow and unconventional—that one turned for signs of promise. One felt that in these the young artists were struggling to express their own ideas in their own way. It was in commenting on these holiday compositions that the Professor's sympathy with his young students came out, his reverence for individuality, his delight in the variety of their work. It is that individuality, that infinite variety, which, in his opinion, makes teaching a pleasure, not a dull task. Through the faulty drawing and raw colouring of some very juvenile girl artist's work—work that an old-world teacher or untender critic might have denounced as a mere daub—the Professor seemed to see all the promise of future articulateness. But even a less sympathetic critic might venture to predict a career for the young artist who had sent in a composition crowded with figures of little children, evidently studied from life—children who in London collect round a Punch and Judy show or a barrel-organ, and who in Israel might have followed mocking in the train of the prophet, crying "Go up, thou bald head!" If they were not real Orientals, they were, at least, real children, instinct with life and character. Another very youthful student showed in her treatment and colour some of the feeling of the early Italian masters. In more than one of the studies there was a decided tendency to caricature Elisha, and so make him a fair butt for the contemptuous youth of Israel. One artist had depicted the young Israelites bathing and carrying on a guerilla warfare with a disconsolate Elisha, who viewed them from a safe distance.

We noticed this same tendency to caricature in another composition on which we lighted, a clever study representing the President of the Royal Academy deprecating the attacks of a band of youthful outsiders.

The other works shown us were the results of the monthly competitions of the Slade School. The Sketch Club is an important institution. It is managed by a committee of the students, who, after taking counsel together and with the Professor, give out subjects for work to be done by students out of school hours. Five subjects are given, one each for landscape, design, figure, animal, and modelling. The works sent in are criticised by Professor Brown in the presence of the students.

Many of the studies shown us were as boldly, almost aggressively, original as the work of Aubrey Beardsley. This was notably the case with a design in pale green and black, representing a damsel reading "The Green Carnation," a design which would make that bit of glorified



SHADOW PICTURES.—WINIFRED MATTHEWS, SLADE SCHOOL.

flippancy fit to appear side by side with the *Yellow Book*. But with the originality the resemblance ended. Aubrey Beardsleyism, with its glorification of the hideous and repulsive, finds no favour with Professor Brown, under whom, by the way, Mr. Aubrey Beardsley worked for a short time at the Tufton Street School. When I let myself be reminded of that artist's love of the unbeautiful by what seemed to be

a similar partiality in the work of a promising young girl-artist, Mr. Brown hastened to explain. The tendency that I noted was not exactly love of ugliness, but the result of a peculiar mind, intensely interested in its surroundings, and more struck by character than by an ideal sense of the beautiful—a Gothic as compared with a classic turn of mind, as it were.

The originality of the Slade students comes out very strongly in designs for posters. The liberal use of these for purposes of advertisement would convert our hoardings and underground railway-stations into things of beauty and delight. Somebody's food for babes had inspired a bold, delightful version of an incident in a well-loved fairy tale—that of Goldilocks and the Three Bears. The picture gave a back



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON: A DESIGN FOR A SIGN-BOARD.
F. C. DICKINSON, SLADE SCHOOL.

view of a little "blacklocks," not "goldlocks," who was tip-toeing so as to sample the contents of three porridge-basins, while the big bear, the middle-sized bear, and the little bear expressed their outraged feelings in the frieze.

"Isn't there a danger in laying so much stress on the development of originality?" we asked the Professor. "Don't you often get mere eccentricity and affectation offered you in its place; and if a student has found a certain method of work succeed, doesn't that tempt her to affect a pose?"

But we are reminded that chaff can be sifted from wheat, and that eccentricity and affectation can easily be detected and checked, whereas no danger can be greater than that of cramping the student's individuality by not giving her every encouragement to express in her own way the truth that is within her.

ALICE STRONACH.

? !!

Who is that woman yonder?

Why, 'pon my word, don't you know?
Though, of course, you weren't born when half London
Sat at her feet years ago.

You think her handsome, do you?

She's a beautiful woman still:
Now, don't fall in love, like an idiot—
But yet, I suppose, you will.

It was quite the fashion at one time
With all young society men
To deluge her daily with bouquets,
And I was one of them then.

If she went to a ball, her programme
Was full in a second or so,
And offers of hearts and devotion
Through the pillar-box used to go.

How do I know? You ask me?
Why, I was one of those fools
Who caught that infectious fever
Which only with marriage cools.

What is her name? You duffer!
Why, man alive, don't you know?
I was the one she accepted,
And married some ten years ago!

BETTINE.

IN THE RIVIERA.

The season at the Riviera has commenced in earnest: hotel proprietors wear large smiles, and beam upon new-comers. Monte Carlo is especially crowded, and as I write these lines from my room in the Hôtel de Paris I look out on to the Casino, where—

Regardless of their doom,
The little victims play,

as the poet observed. Pigeon-shooting has commenced on the ground just below the Casino gardens, and English visitors of different degrees and sexes are everywhere to be seen. Some enormous sums have been lost at the tables, but nobody appears to have hit the bank very hard. The Casino is crowded all day, but in the morning and afternoon the play is fairly low, a large proportion of business being done in five and ten franc pieces. From about eight to eleven at night the heaviest play goes on, and you can watch men staking the maximum over and over again. Inhabitants complain of the weather because there has been a little wind. I consider it is perfect, after what we have been having in London and Paris. It does get chilly after four o'clock, but at this moment the sky hasn't a solitary cloud. One would imagine that Mr. Sky had been staking his clouds at the roulette or *trente-et-quarante* tables.

On the last Sunday in the old year I devoted the early hours of the day to a stroll from Monte Carlo in the direction of Mentone. Everybody rises fairly early here, because the Casino shuts at 11 p.m. and opens at 11 a.m. The church bells were ringing, the sun was making the waters of the Mediterranean glisten like jewels, numerous birds were singing in the gardens. The walk was a dream of delight. I passed beautiful villas set in forests of pine and palm trees, the lemon trees were full of green and yellow fruit, while from behind the hedges bright splashes of colour from different plants relieved the white-and-green aspect. There were a lot of market-women and some villainous-looking men, whose aspect made me chuckle and pat the pocket wherein I carry my trusty revolver. There were picturesque peasant children, who were not begging—there are no native beggars in Monte Carlo—while, altogether, it is safe to say that every turn of the road brought fresh attractions. Right down below lay the sea, far up from the heights La Turbie looked down upon Monte Carlo. On the extreme right Monaco stood out boldly, as though satisfied with itself; on the extreme left the point of sight touched the Italian coast.

I have but one fault to find with the Riviera, and that is the extreme beauty of the place from end to end. Coming from fog and frost and snow to such an atmosphere is almost too great a strain. Who could ever wish to return from summer to winter? Some strange intoxication comes over me in the gardens of the Casino. Sitting in the bright sunlight, watching the fountain, and listening to its plash, inhaling the perfume of choice flowers, and watching the deep blue of the water, I feel a violent longing to stay for the rest of my life in this modern Garden of Eden, to do nothing but wander on from beauty to beauty in semi-intoxication. The tree of knowledge takes the form of the Casino itself, but who would wish to be there when one can be outside? Small wonder that in Salle de Jeu curtains are drawn across all the windows, casting the rooms into a shade that recalls to my memory some lines of Swinburne's "Siena"—

The fresh, clear gloom,
Where walls shut out the flame and bloom
Of full-breathed summer, and the roof
Keeps the keen ardent air aloof,
And sweet weight of the violet sky.

I often think that if by any chance those curtains fell away from the windows and let in the light, the gamblers would rise *en masse*, and give over their occupation. In any event, I would undertake to say that many would be recalled to their better senses. Gambling at night is comprehensible, but gambling by day I altogether fail to understand.

Living in the Riviera is expensive only by reason of the cost of a room or rooms. *Table d'hôte* breakfast and dinner at the best hotels are excellent in quality and moderate in price, while red and white wines are good and inexpensive. Certainly the largest hotels in London and Paris charge more for meals than those of the Riviera. For seven and sixpence you can have as good a dinner as you require, with a bottle of excellent wine, and sufficient change to satisfy the waiter. Such a thing cannot be done in London at the very best places. Where the imposition comes in is when you want to buy anything at the shops. Riviera shopkeepers have a sliding scale of charges. If you are a resident, you are fairly safe; if you have come for the entire season, you are let down lightly on the off-chance of further favours; but if you are a casual intruder—well, they won't leave you more to lose at the tables than they can possibly help. Credit has no existence in Monte Carlo, where hotel bills are presented twice a week, and every meal is paid for on or before completion.

English is the prevalent language, although French, being the native tongue, runs it very close. Of course, the place is frequented by people of all European nationalities, and in a single afternoon you may hear in the Casino English, American English, French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian. This reunion of the nations must be a bit trying to the shopkeepers; but they grapple with it very creditably, and, in many cases, display notices that they speak English and German, as well as French. The hairdressers of the Riviera seem to me to be the best linguists, if you take them at their own valuation. In several places they proclaim their knowledge of at least half-a-dozen tongues. When the unsuspecting traveller goes in, he is nearly sure to find that the specialist in his particular language has gone to lunch, or has been called away suddenly on business, or was discharged yesterday.—B.

A CHAT WITH MISS CALHOUN.

Photographs by H. S. Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.

It seemed almost an impossible task to arrange a chat with Miss Eleanor Calhoun in the few bustling days that intervened before the production of the new play at the Garrick Theatre. What with unlimited rehearsals, and dressmakers and photographers to visit, the time of the beautiful



MISS CALHOUN AS HERMIONE IN "ANDROMAQUE."

young actress was very fully occupied, and it was only by suggesting a meeting at the early hour of 9.45 one morning that I was able to enjoy a short chat with Miss Calhoun on behalf of *The Sketch*.

Christmas freight and Christmas traffic were both against me, one cold, wet morning, as I sallied forth to keep my appointment; nevertheless, it wanted a quarter of an hour to ten when I arrived at Bessborough Street, Pimlico, where Miss Calhoun is at present staying.

Tall and graceful, in a long, loose gown of dark red, caught at the waist with an old-world oriental belt, with starry grey eyes full of fire and intelligence, and curly dark hair growing round the forehead in somewhat boyish fashion, Miss Calhoun in private life is as striking and picturesque a figure as when she appears on the stage.

"I feel that I ought to have acted first and spoken after," said the actress, as we settled ourselves before the cheerful fire. "You see, I have been four years away from England, and as this is my reappearance, I think, for some reasons, I ought not to have indulged in this chat till I had made my bow over the footlights. On the other hand, I am very glad of this opportunity of saying how much I appreciate the kindly welcome I have received on my return—you can't think how this has gratified me."

"How have you been spending your time since you turned your back on our shores?"

"I have been playing in Paris, and studying French art. I went out with M. Coquelin, and have done a great deal of work with him. I believe I am the first English-speaking actress who has ever played in French at the national theatre, the Odéon, but I was most generously received. No other foreigner has ever appeared at the Odéon except a Russian girl. I liked it very much, and I worked very seriously, even giving time to writing French prose and poetry, in order to better penetrate the genius of French thought—be more able to appreciate French forms of expression. I was very fortunate in having good friends in the best literary Parisian circles. Leconte de Lisle in particular, that topmost light of the French Academy, whose French poetry is so perfect in form and purity, gave me much counsel."

"And you feel the benefit of these four years?"

"What can I say?" answered Miss Calhoun, who is most modest, and even diffident, concerning herself. "I do hope I have profited by my studies; but I must wait and be judged a little later." Then,

reverting to another subject, "I appeared as Katherine in 'Taming of the Shrew' (*La Mégère apprivoisée*), with M. Coquelin as Petruchio. Another time I was Hermione in Racine's classic 'Andromaque.' I must show you the dress I wore in the latter rôle"—and Miss Calhoun disappeared for a minute, returning again with a small bundle. "It's bigger than it looks," she explained smilingly, in response to my look of wonder, and a Greek gown of the purest hand-woven old Indian linen was unfolded before my admiring gaze; the border at the foot was most wonderfully embroidered by a man worker in subdued shades of Eastern silks, but even more elaborate were the bands of embroidery on the yoke part of the gown. With the most absolute fidelity the design of a Corinthian archaic vase had been carried out; there was the heroic panorama, and the figures of men and animals in soft silken hues outlined with gold and silver tinsel thread. "The remarkable thing is," said Miss Calhoun, holding up the gown lovingly, "that on the stage, beneath the bright lights, the design seems to stand out with even more clearness. I can assure you this costume attracted a great deal of attention."

"Have you never appeared in England since you were at the Haymarket Theatre with Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft?"

"Well, I had a brief engagement in London one autumn, when the Paris season was over. I played Vashti in 'Judah' with Mr. Willard, but, of course, I had to go back to M. Coquelin, and could not stay very long. I should like to say," went on Miss Calhoun, very earnestly, "that working in France has made me appreciate certain phases of English acting, which the French actors are also very ready to recognise. In character analysis and the science of intonation the French have perhaps gone farther, but on the English stage there is certainly more breadth and more poetry of conception. But the manner of thought is so different in each nation that it seems to me that the art method of the one cannot be grafted on to the other."

"And where do your sympathies lie?"

"I am an English actress, of course," was the quick answer. "You know, previous to my sojourn in Paris, I was under an engagement at



AS HERMIONE IN "ANDROMAQUE."

the Haymarket Theatre, and played with the Bancrofts in 'Diplomacy,' and nearly every other production for two years, till they retired from management. A memorable part, which I enjoyed very much, was

Hester in 'The Scarlet Letter,' at the Royalty Theatre, Hawthorne's romance, dramatised by Stephen Coleridge and Norman Forbes. Mr. Forbes Robertson played the principal man's part. From Paris I went to California last summer for my holiday, and came straight away back to England. I was going thence to Paris, when Mr. Hare offered me this engagement."

"What took you so far afield as California?"

"I went to visit my family. You know, I hail from California, though I have not played in America, except for a very few performances previous to my *début* in England. I am really of Southern parentage, though born and brought up in California. My father was a nephew of the great orator, Calhoun, and I come from a race of orators and statesmen on both sides."

"Do any other members of your family follow the profession?"

"No, I am the only one on the stage. But, you see, there is talking blood, so to speak, in our veins. My people did all they could to help me forward in my career when I decided to become an actress. When I went to Georgia, where our family originally had most of its property, the Governor of the State gave a review in my honour and presented me with a regiment and its badge. Of course, these soldiers were my guard of honour while I was in Georgia. I wish I could show you the badge, though I have nothing unpacked yet, because our American regiments do not have decorations as a rule, and this one was bestowed on 'The Gate City Guards' for special valour. I must add that all this honour was showered on me because of my family, and not really on my own account," concluded Miss Calhoun deprecatingly.

"A last word, Miss Calhoun—you are not going off to Paris again just yet, are you?"

"Oh, no, I have come back to England to stay, so *au revoir* till you see me at the Garrick"; and inwardly congratulating Mr. Hare for having secured to us so charming and attractive an actress as Miss Eleanor Calhoun, I turned my back on the warm fire and cosy room and resolutely made my way through the muddy streets of Piccadilly.

L. E. B.

"SLAVES OF THE RING," AT THE GARRICK.

"What will be the end of it all?" said Mr. Egerton, M.P.

"There will not be an end," replied Captain Douglas.

It was only too true. There could be no end save death, save divorce, save gradual assuagement by influence of time. Ruth and George Delamere, Helen and Harold Dundas, were bound in chains that to them had become as hateful as the fetters that link the dead and the living slave. Why had they become so cruelly bound? By unselfishness, is the strange answer.

It is one of the curious frolics of Fate that, just as good may come of evil, so evil may be bred by good. If Harold Dundas, when he had made up his mind not to mar his life by wedding Helen, whom he did not love, had been firm in his resolve, the tragedy would never have happened. Unfortunately for all, when he saw what a terrible blow to Helen the truth would be, his heart failed him, and he kept back the truth, unselfishly resolving to throw away his own happiness, in the hope of finding it again in the happiness of his wife.

Perhaps Ruth's case was not entirely one of unselfishness. She had made up her mind to throw over George Delamere, the Hon. George Delamere, even at the last moment, and had told her parents she would not wed him, for she loved another man—of course, she did not say that the other man was Harold, her sister's betrothed. Unfortunately, there came a message from George to say that his chance of an earldom had been lessened by the unexpected birth of a child, and he set her free from her promise. Was it pride that forbade her to break off the marriage, for fear lest it should seem that it was loss of the chance of a title that moved her, or was it a generous desire to render happy the man who loved her, who had just received the blow? Who can tell? She least of all. At the worst, one may give her credit for the motive of generosity.

So the marriages were celebrated, and there were wedding bells, triumphal organ march, breakfast, speeches, and all the phenomena of happiness, while Harold and Ruth felt that they had become "Slaves of the Ring," of the slender gold hoop that means everlasting joy or

misery. For a while, no doubt, George and Helen, at least, were happy, and in after days it must have been gladdening to the poor "Slaves" to think that their sacrifice was not utterly thrown away. George, indeed, a blunt creature, like the average man, and unconsciously vain, too, did not discover till after more than a year that Ruth did not love him and was miserable in the fearful intimacy of marriage. Helen, however, soon had doubts.

Harold, a soldier, could not bear his life, and within the year volunteered for service in South Africa. News came of his death just as Ruth was on the point of becoming a mother, and immediately her state grew serious. The child was stillborn, and Ruth lay for weeks delirious. Helen, her nurse, kept everyone out of the sick chamber, for in her fever Ruth told the truth, and her horrified sister learnt that the delirious woman loved the man the rumour of whose death had stricken her down! The anguish of the widow was turned, by suspicion of her husband, into almost joy that he was gone out of her life. The unheralded return of Harold, and an accident of time and place, caused Helen to discover that her worst fear was true—that the husband she loved was the lover, innocent, however, in fact, of her own sister.

Unluckily for all of them, Ruth recovered. Six months went by; George was tranquil and happy; Ruth and Harold were fearful and restless, but happy; and only Helen was utterly unhappy, and she was madly jealous, hated her sister, almost hated her husband, and longed for something to happen to cause some change—any change. Harold and Ruth, though they did not even avow their love to one another, were so often together that tongues wagged concerning them. The crash came, the inevitable crash, at a ball at Mrs. Delamere's.

Harold had grown reckless. He felt that things could not go on as they were, that any shame or scandal would be better than the torture of seeing Ruth as the wife of George; and he resolved to elope with her, little doubting her consent. Yet, a friend dissuaded him, and convinced him that it would be best, wisest, even happiest, for him to go away alone. He and Ruth met to say farewell, but the parting was beyond her strength.

"I can't lose you; don't go! take me with you!" she cried; but as she spoke, out burst Helen from her hiding-place behind the palms. Something at last had happened, and she could ease her bosom of its burden of bitter words; and even when others came on the scene, when their father and mother arrived, and George and Captain Douglas appeared, her tongue ran on unchecked. George for a moment thought that Captain Douglas was the man whom his wife loved, and struck him, but Harold came forward to tell the truth.

"What will be the end of it?" said the father of the wretched girls.

"There will not be an end," answered Captain Douglas; and that was the finish of the play.

The play is powerful, interesting, clumsy in structure, bold in conclusion, deficient in subtlety, lamentable in humour. There is much to be said

against it; more in its praise. For its courage, its evidence of change in Mr. Grundy's method and standard, one would like to call it a masterpiece. Truth will not allow, but one may say that it is a transition work of great interest and value; and I am heartily glad that it has been produced, and hope it will have the success deserved by so daring a venture.

It is needless to insist upon the fact that Mr. Gilbert Hare's great gifts for character-acting did not aid him in dealing with the part of Harold, or that Mr. Bouchier is not the ideal George. One may, however, give full and sincere praise to Miss Kate Rorke and Miss Calhoun for their admirable work as Helen and Ruth. Mr. John Hare was wonderfully ingenious as a strange, decrepit, cynical old nobleman, and Miss Kate Phillips played very cleverly as a vulgar, husband-hunting widow. Lastly, I must express my pleasure in the excellent acting of Mr. Brandon Thomas as Captain Douglas.

MONSIEUR.



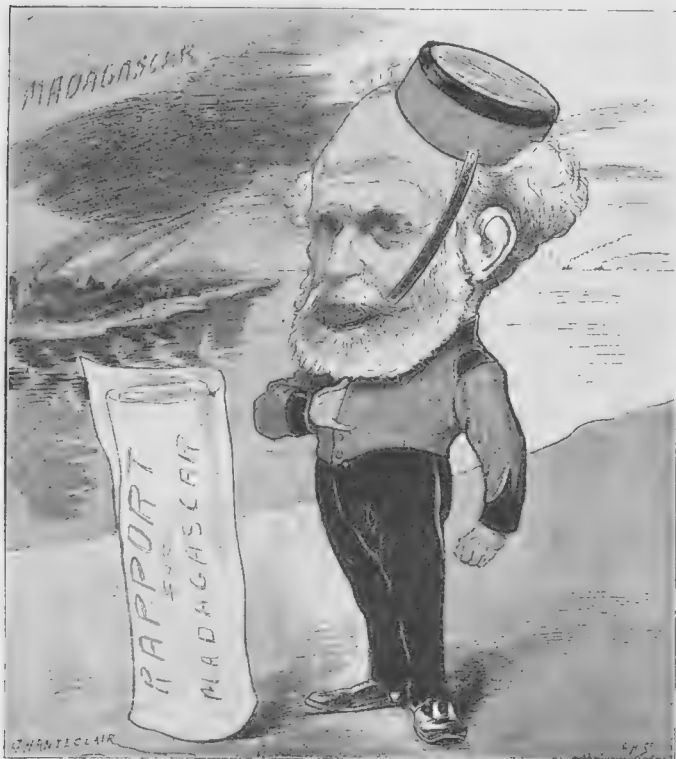
MISS CALHOUN IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

Drawn by Clinton Peters from the portrait by him in the Salon of 1894.

A new fantastic opera in two acts, entitled "The Taboo," will be produced on Jan. 19 by Mr. Horace Sedger at the Trafalgar Theatre. The book is written by Mr. Mason Carns, and Miss Ethel Harraden, a sister of the author of "Ships that Pass in the Night," has composed the music. Madame Amadi, Mr. Harry Paulton, Mr. Frank Wyatt, and Mr. Richard Green are in the cast.

PICTORIAL ANGLOPHOBIA.

Le Temps, the leading evening Paris journal, and one of the most ably conducted papers in the world, is not prone to reckless statement. But latterly it has, in its attacks upon England and her Prime Minister,



ENGLAND FOR EVER!

SIR RIBOT, ESQUIRE, ancien ministre français: "Je pense que sa Majesté la Queen sera contente de moi; les Anglais vont pouvoir travailler tout à leur aise."
—From "La Libre Parole."

departed from its usual prudence. The line it seemed to take was that relations of mutual friendship between the reigning families and governments of Great Britain and Russia could only be fostered to the detriment of France, or, at any rate, of the Franco-Russian cordial understanding. M. F. de Pressensé, who bears a name that we associate with high aims, noble beliefs, and eloquence guided by a cool judgment, has been distinguishing himself in the front page of *Le Temps* as an exponent of the anti-English spirit which the Russian policy of Lord Rosebery has called forth here. Attention was drawn to his utterances by the *Daily News*, with all the respectful forms due to the son of the late Pasteur and Sénateur de Pressensé. A long letter was at once written by M. de Pressensé to the



POLITIQUE ANGLO-ALLEMANDE.

"L'ANGLAIS: For the country! L'ALLEMAND: For the Fatherland!"
—From "Le Grelot."

organ of the English Liberal party, to tone down what had been said in *Le Temps*. Soon after, the latter paper entered a serious protest against a cartoon in *Punch*, representing the British lion asleep, and a wolf, disguised as a French soldier, about to spring on a Madagascar lamb.

What, asked *Le Temps*, would the English say were the French comic prints to serve them as *Punch* had served the French? The truth is, the Paris caricaturists are, so far as intention goes, merciless on *l'Anglais*, who has undergone a notable transformation in the French mind since *le Milor* first appeared in *Le Domino Noir*. *Le Milor* was a grand and immensely wealthy nobleman, who made absurd bets that he generally won, looked ridiculous, and went about the Continent in his own chariot and four, attended by a numerous following of servants. The only common characteristics between him and *l'Anglais* of this age of Cook's excursions are loud teeth and an inane smile, even when he is meant to be the incarnation of greed and falsity. The daily Press and the comic Press have really tried to convince the petty bourgeoisie into thinking this Englishman a typical being. England is peopled by such men. Their settled object as a nation is to practise on the noble impulses of the French, and to oust France wherever she is in a way to gain any advantage as a European or a colonising Power. France is generous, confiding, chivalrous, is implied and often expressed in the Anglophobe articles and cartoons. She is therefore at a disadvantage in competing with the cold-hearted, greedy being of whose greed and grossness Nature gives warning in teeth made to devour and a capacious abdomen. The process of "suggestion" has been so successful that any French statesman, however distinguished, would at once find himself under a cloud if he showed friendly feeling towards England. The political ostracism of M. Clemenceau is too recent to be forgotten. His hustings eloquence was drowned in cries of "Oh, yes!" *Le Petit Journal* circulated hundreds of thousands of cartoons representing him receiving bags of Bank of England notes from the military attaché to



LA QUESTION MALGACHE:

"L'enjeu ne vaut pas la chandelle: seulement, cela embêtera les Anglais."
—From "Le Grelot."

the British Embassy. M. Waddington often winced under the sting of unfair and provokingly clever lampoons, written and pictorial. It is now the turn of M. Ribot, who is reputed to be as English in feeling as M. Waddington was in blood. Lord Lytton found him harder to deal with than any other Foreign Minister with whom he had dealings. This was well known in Paris; nevertheless, M. Ribot, who has been lying by for some time for the sake of rest, finds himself now attacked as "Sir Ribot, Esquire." He spoke temperately the other day about Madagascar affairs, and did not attempt to win the applause of the De Mahy, Deloncle, and other professional Anglophobes of the Chamber of Deputies, when recommending the voting of the credits asked by Government to go to war with the Hovas. *La Libre Parole* (boasting of the largest circulation of any Paris journal except *Le Petit Journal* and *L'Intransigeant*) accordingly has a cartoon representing Sir Ribot, Esquire, in a Life Guardsman's undress uniform, roasting Madagascar chestnuts for the Queen of England. The conceited, untravelled, and ill-natured class to which such papers appeal will judge probably at the next elections of M. Ribot according to this cartoon.

Imagine with what sentiments the petty bourgeoisie of Paris would, after Henry's exploit at the Café Terminus, look at the accompanying caricature in *Le Grelot* of the London policeman and the Anarchists of the Autonomy Club! Shortly before M. de Pressensé wrote his letter to the *Daily News*, *Le Grelot*, by the pencil of "Pepin," showed up England and Germany as engaged in poisoning the late Czar. The cartoon is dated Oct. 28. Were the Russians as credulous and as prone to assault as the French, the Prince and Princess of Wales would have met with an angry reception at St. Petersburg, where the Paris journals freely enter. When *Le Temps* was protesting against the *Punch* cartoon, another one came out in *Le Grelot*—of which the late

illustrious Gill used to be the cartoonist, representing the Queen of Madagascar being egged on to roll her eyes and show her teeth by England. "The Madagascar game," cries a lively little French soldier, is not worth the candle. But what does that matter, since it bothers the English?"

Le Piloni, another comic weekly, has been giving the British concert with the Triple Alliance to circumvent the Czar Nicholas and entice him away—of course, from the French Republic. To be the friend of England, the implied moral is, one must be the foe of France. This is really how the Paris Press, the temperate *Temps* included, has been putting the matter.

It would be interesting to inquire why it is that since the Republic sprang up the French have been feeling so bitterly towards foreigners, and towards none more than the English. It has been long the interest of the manufacturers, enrolled in protectionist syndicates, to represent England as preying on the vitals of the French people. There is also a craving to stand well in their own eyes in the conceited and spiteful petty *bourgeoisie* which reads *Le Petit Journal* and is satisfied to know only what it finds in that paper or some other hotly seasoned halfpenny daily. The *petit bourgeois*, as a Frenchman, reflects the glory of France, and feels superior, because he is French, to the Englishman. It is the old story of the Pharisee thanking God that he is not like the Publican. The Englishman, being the best-known foreigner, and belonging to



UN QUATUOR INTÉRESSÉ.

"Viens avec nous pour fêter le printemps."—From "*Le Piloni*."

a great nation, comes handy to the caricaturist, and excites more easily the kind of hatred springing from envy than a Swiss, a Dutchman, or a Belgian. Attacking Germans might have had international consequences. Those departments of the Government which distribute secret service funds to the Press would, if a complaint came from Berlin, say at once to editors, "If you want to stand well with us, find some other *tête de Turc*." Then atavism plays a great part; the reflexes of the uneducated French brain are more easily set going by a hot lampoon on England than on any other nation, including Germany. Louis Quatorze and Charles II. almost reduced England to the situation that Portugal now fills. They bound her over to the war policy she followed after 1688 against France in Europe, America, and elsewhere. Louis XVI.'s active patronage of the American colonists threw George III., who was as pacific as a Quaker in the early years of his reign, into another war against France. It was followed by a short peace. The wars against the French Republic and Napoleon filled nearly a quarter of a century. France was powerful for assault; her English adversary was not, but, in steadily resisting, Time fought his battles. Canada, India, on which Louis XIV. set his heart, fell under the British Crown. Holland accepted a French king from Napoleon, and joined in the Continental blockade. It lost in consequence the Cape and Ceylon. New Zealand and New Holland and Van Dieman's Land were added to the possessions of England a good deal in consequence of French defeats. The French naval power, so great under the Bourbons, was destroyed by Nelson; and the French army swallowing up all the available force of France, it was not reconstituted. French men and women, who are often full of amiable feeling towards individual English men and women, are stirred to hatred against *l'Anglais* directly they see him in a malignant caricature. This is a pity; but I do not see any cure for it, unless in not minding, and leaving the matter to Time, the great healer.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Now that the great hullabaloo has died away, it is probable that the sensible portion of the French nation—including those who read the newspapers little, and write for them not at all—is coming seriously to doubt the wisdom of the course adopted with regard to the Dreyfus incident—I refer to the spy officer, not to the blackmailing editor, who has helped to make the same name illustrious. It is possible, not altogether improbable, that Captain Dreyfus was guilty; he had a foreign name, origin, and religion, and foreign sympathies may have been too much for him, but his friends will probably continue to assert, till he and they are forgotten, that he has been the innocent victim of a popular outcry.

And his friends will have some ugly facts to bring in support of their charge. The accused was a citizen as well as a soldier, and might, one would conceive, have been tried before a proper legal court, instead of being handed over to the rough-and-ready methods of a court-martial—a tribunal eminently unsuited for what was practically a State trial. The members of this court seem to have had the legal knowledge and acumen of the average military man—that is to say, very little of either; and what of the proceedings leaked out through the closed doors would seem to imply an indecent eagerness to condemn.

It is not unlikely that Captain Dreyfus is guilty. But, supposing him innocent, there is very little reason to suppose that the result of the trial would have differed in any considerable degree from the present sentence. Let us suppose that a Jewish officer with a German name, rich, and not very popular, declines to pay blackmail to one of the disreputable journalists that "run" the Anti-Semitic movement. Let us suppose, also, that the disappointed blackmailers proceed to "plant" on their victim a letter offering military secrets to Germany, and written in a hand with sufficient resemblance to warrant an "expert" in swearing to the writing as his. We know those "experts"; they come from—well, we do not know where they come from, but we can guess pretty well where they will go to. Then take a few officers at random, men possessed with a narrow and vindictive patriotism, uneasy at the scandals that have discredited military administration, influenced by Press clamour as no trained lawyer and no literary man would allow himself to be influenced, and resolved to make an example, if possible. Let them sit with closed doors, that no breath of law and common sense may be allowed to penetrate into the atmosphere of the court-martial, and that the judges may feel that their sentence, if sufficiently severe, will never be questioned as against the evidence.

Given these conditions, we see the result. The Anti-Semites have sacrificed a Jew to whatever gods they may worship, even as they affect to believe that the Jews sacrificed a Christian at the Passover in the Middle Ages. (I have met an Anti-Semite who believed, or said that he believed, that this still happened; but he was posing as a genius, and that is a position that demands an unusual amount of lying.) Now, the letter that seems to have been the Dreyfus *pièce de conviction* may, of course, be authentic; but French Anti-Semites in low places seem eminently capable of forging any required documents.

Then the worthy Drumont, the Jew-baiter *par excellence*, even as Deloncle is the devourer of the English, makes the Dreyfus trial the text for a crusade against the Jews. Not so, worthy Drumont; you put the cart before the horse. Every nation—I am quoting, but I don't know from whom—has the Jews it deserves. The late Czar harried his Jews, and, had he gone to war with Germany, every Jew in Poland would have been a German spy. M. Drumont is doing the same by his Jewish fellow-citizens: he proclaims that they are all traitors at heart, and ready to sell France to Germany or England. Well, if he says it long enough to be generally believed, he may bring about what he denounces. Have we in England ever been betrayed by men of Jewish race? Have Beaconsfield or Goschen sold us to foreign Powers?

But, of course, there have not been so many chances of betraying England. Even when we met our good friends the French in war, for some inscrutable reason, the Jews, or somebody, generally chose to betray the Great Nation. History has not preserved the names of the various Dreyfuses who engineered Crécy, Poitiers, Agincourt, &c., but Dreyfuses there must have been. France has never been beaten but by treachery.

But what a large stock of treachery she must have developed in that case!

MARMITON.

MISS CORALIE BLITHE.

Photographs by Hana, Strand.



PROVINCIAL AMENITIES.

CHARACTERS: MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS, LADY EMMELINE VIDAL, IDA FRASER, THE HON. EDWARD DACRE.

SCENE I: *The drawing-room of LADY EMMELINE'S house in the provincial town of Ditcham. Enter MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS.*

MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS. Oh, my dear Lady Emmeline. I am so glad to see you. I have something so important to ask your advice about.

LADY E. Don't rely on me if it is anything clever.

MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS. No; only a ball. We are thinking of giving a ball, and we want it to be very select; just a few friends and ourselves. Charles and I have talked it over, and we think it can be managed.

LADY E. But you will give dreadful offence to those who are not asked. Think of the heart-burnings!

MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS. Yes, exactly; so we are going to make it a semi-subscription one.

LADY E. I never heard of one before.

MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS. No? It is in this way. We are going to send out circulars to those people we wish to have, asking them to take tickets, and that will effectually stop outsiders.

LADY E. (*hastily*). If your tickets are very expensive, I shall not be able to come.

MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS. You? Oh! we could not possibly have a ball without you. Your patronage alone is worth more than your ticket. We can easily arrange it for you, dear Lady Emmeline. That's the beauty of it. No one but ourselves can possibly know who has paid.

LADY E. (*playfully*). Well, if you'll arrange it so, I'll consent to patronise you.

MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS. The difficulty is about the invitations. Even if all the *élite* come, we shall want a few of the riff-raff to fill up. It would never do to have an empty room.

LADY E. No. I should advise you to ask the aristocracy first, and when you find out how many can come, fill up with the riff-raff.

MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS. Exactly what I thought. There is Lady Augusta, and her husband, and the dear Ermentrude-Ballyntines, and the Hon. Edward Dacre, our new chief constable.

LADY E. Do you know him, dear? He is not here yet, is he?

MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS. No; but we met him in town, and I want to have this dance a day or two after he arrives, so as to bring him out, and introduce him to Ditcham. He is charming.

LADY E. (*rather coldly*). Oh, indeed!

MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS. He is a cousin of Lord West-England's, and his sister married the Earl of Drinkwell. If we can get him in our set from the very beginning—

LADY E. Oh, yes; I see. He will be a great acquisition. One meets so few of one's own rank in this dull little place.

MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS. He has taken Vinelegh and fitted it up beautifully. That looks as if he meant to get married; but there is no one spoken of in connection with him.

LADY E. Are you going to ask the Frasers?

MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS (*sharply*). No.

LADY E. (*maliciously*). They always make a ball go off well; the girls are so full of life.

MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS. Boisterous hoydens! One must draw the line somewhere.

LADY E. They are supposed to be pretty. I thought you admitted that Ida was?

MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS. In a country style. Well, I mustn't stay. Charles will be waiting. Ta-ta! I'll let you know how we get on. [*Exit. Curtain.*]

SCENE II: *Four o'clock on a dull afternoon. The steps of the British Museum. A girl in a long cloak coming slowly down. A tall man going up, as he passes her, stops, and takes off his hat. She looks at him.*

IDA FRASER. Edward!

EDWARD DACRE. Yes, it is I. Don't look so scared, Ida. Why shouldn't I be in London as well as you?

IDA. But I thought you were in India?

EDWARD DACRE. I've come home.

IDA. What are you doing here?

EDWARD DACRE. I came to seek you.

[*They slowly turn and go back under the great portico, walking aimlessly until they reach a seat.*]

IDA (*sitting down*). It is so strange to see you in this great misty place. I've always thought of you surrounded by brilliant sunshine.

EDWARD DACRE. You haven't asked yet how I found you. I am chief constable at Ditcham now. I went there two days ago. Your father called directly, to see if I was a relation of his, and when he found out it was the case, he expatiated on the strangeness of my never having met any of you before.

IDA. He had forgotten, I suppose, that I had met you; but then it was such years ago.

EDWARD DACRE. He had quite forgotten that I knew one of my cousins, and, consequently, I had great difficulty in discovering her whereabouts. But he told me at last that you had gone to live by yourself in London, and that you worked at the British Museum. What do you do, Ida? Is it very hard?

IDA. I search for references. Yes, I get dreadfully depressed sometimes.

EDWARD DACRE. Then why do you do it?

IDA (*with a little smile*). I had to fill up my life somehow. I am growing old, you see, and there are the others coming on.

EDWARD DACRE (*after a long pause*). Do you know what I ought to be doing to-night?

IDA. No. What?

EDWARD DACRE. Going to a great ball, to meet all the celebrities of Ditcham. Only when I heard yesterday that someone was in London, I found I had important business in town, and wrote a note of apology to Mrs. Craigie-Fibbs to that effect. They won't miss me; I'm only a stranger.

IDA (*laughing heartily*). You don't know what you've done. That ball was given in honour of you. Lily wrote and told me all about it, and Mrs. Fibbs has given dreadful offence by asking only those she considers swells, and filling up with the real Ditcham people at the eleventh hour.

EDWARD DACRE. It seems to me it's getting on to the eleventh hour now in another sense. Where do you live? May I see you home?

IDA. Certainly. But I warn you I patronise the humble 'bus.

EDWARD DACRE. Then we'll have a hansom to-day for a treat, so that we can talk as we go along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III: *LADY EMMELINE'S room. LADY EMMELINE on a sofa in a loose wrapper. Enter MAID.*

MAID. Mrs. Craigie-Fibbs, my Lady, particularly wishes to see you. She called both yesterday and the day before.

LADY E. Yes, I will see her. [*Enter MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS.*]

MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS. Oh, dear Lady Emmeline, I was so distressed that the influenza prevented your coming to our ball.

LADY E. Yes, for the last two days I have been unable to raise my head, but I am much better now, and longing to hear all about it. Was it a success?

MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS. Success! My dear, it was a dismal fiasco. I have cried my eyes out. The brutes, the vulgar brutes, it shows how low they are!

LADY E. What do you mean?

MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS. My dear, there were forty people only in that large room. In fact, only our own party, and the Ermentrude-Ballyntines, and one or two odd ones.

LADY E. But you asked more than that?

MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS. I did. I asked all the riff-raff when I heard how few of our own set could come, and they accepted and never came. The morning after, my table was simply covered with notes of excuse. One had influenza, another important business, another a death in the family. It was a conspiracy, a monstrous conspiracy—and I shall never be able to show my face again in Ditcham.

LADY E. (*heroically smothering an inclination to laugh*). But, still, you would have great fun?

MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS. No, we didn't. It was awful—cold and dismal. We all went through it with forced merriment.

LADY E. That was a pity. I'm afraid Edward Dacre wouldn't enjoy himself.

MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS. I haven't told you the worst. He wasn't there.

LADY E. But surely, on the whole, that was a good thing?

MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS. No, it isn't. He is related to the Frasers.

LADY E. Related? But we never heard of it.

MRS. CRAIGIE-FIBBS. He is a distant connection of theirs, and he had met Ida Fraser years ago, though he didn't know her people; and they are engaged!

LADY E. Engaged! Ida Fraser!

(*Curtain.*)

G. E. MITTON.

MISS CORALIE BLITHE.

Little Coralie Blithe is a wonderfully pretty girl of thirteen. She is a Londoner, and has received her education entirely under the guidance of a private governess at home. From a baby she has been entirely devoted to dancing and singing; indeed, when hardly over her second birthday she could dance a Highland Fling perfectly, and used to go through her performances on the dining-room table. Then her tastes went circus-wards, and she was frequently taken to a circus at Stepney. While still a tiny child she sang and danced at Norwich, and, later, undertook the part of Eva in a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was given at Battersea, where, at the Queen's Theatre, she is an established favourite, though, as yet, entirely *en amateur*. All her early training in the Terpsichorean art was received from Miss Charlotte Elliott, though she has lately had a course of lessons from Mr. D'Auban, and both teachers declare her to be so apt a pupil that practice is all she requires. Little Coralie is a pupil of Mr. Steadman for singing, and of Mr. Henry Neville for elocution. She is very proud of being the possessor of a very charming letter from Miss Letty Lind, giving her permission to sing her song, "Di, Di, Di," and also to dance her dance, and in it the child has scored numerous successes. She is a dainty little maid, with the biggest grey eyes and the curliest of hair, and reminds one of a Dresden china shepherdess; yet her age and looks contrast oddly with her perfectly self-possessed manners.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE BELLS OF FOLLY.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON.

Miranda ran into the meadow, laughing. The grassy slope shelved down into the valley, where the wood lay black and still. Daffodils nodded and cowslips bowed as she passed upon her way. A lark got up and rose singing to heaven. She sped out of the shadow and into the sunlight, and the sound of her young laughter floated down the valley; echoes joined it there, and the little ravine gurgled with merriment. Miranda stopped, with her chin in the air, and listened. Was it all the echo of her own delight, or was it something more? The peal of her mockery died into the sombre copse, and out of it, fresh and clear, a voice trilled merrily on its upward way. Miranda stood and waited.

He came up the bank of wild flowers, his face bright with the love of life and laughter, and at the sight of her he paused. The two faced each other for a while in silence, and then a smile ran round Miranda's lips, and the young man's eyes sparkled with merriment.

"I took your laughter for a signal," said he, making his beaming salutations; "but I reckoned little upon so charming an assignation."

"It was but a signal of the spring, Sir," says she, with a dainty bow.

"Nay," he replied; "I make no such distinctions between the seasons. I laugh the whole year through; it is the manner of the wise. You will perceive my jocund humour, fair mistress. Believe me, 'tis not the whim of an hour contrived by the guiles of a spring morning; but a very settled disposition of the mind. I am broad-based upon gaiety."

"Ah! to be gay!" cried Miranda; "to be gay is to live."

"Life is at our feet," said the merry youth. "I take an infinite pleasure in its complexities. Believe me, nothing should matter, save the twinkling of an eye or the dimpling of a cheek."

"You are right," said Miranda, smiling. "How can one have enough of laughter?"

"We are of one mind," he answered pleasantly. "Let us go into our corner and be merry together."

"Why not?" says Miranda. "Why not?"

"There are ten thousand pleasures in this silly world," he went on; "and, for myself, I have not yet exhausted the tenth part of them. Count my years, then, and make three-score-and-ten the dividend, and what remains? Pack them into the hours never so neatly, and you will not exhaust the store. And that is why I am a spendthrift of pleasures. I eke not out my delights. I would burn twenty in a straw hat out of sheer caprice, and toss a dozen to the ducks upon the lake for pity."

"Yes, yes," agreed Miranda.

"Time"—he continued, with fine scorn—"Time has discovered us a conspiracy of the ages to enthrone this melancholy. But we are no traitors to our rightful being, you and I; and we will clasp a crown upon the head of Laughter, and lay the usurper by the heels in his proper dungeon."

"He were better there," replied Miranda thoughtfully.

"There is never a care," he resumed, "upon which we may not trample, not a trouble which we may not forget. What a fool is he who would nurse his sorrow and not bury it in the deepest grave!"

"What a fool!" murmured Miranda dreamily.

"Should one lose a friend, a fig for friendship!" quoth he. "Does one cast a lover, a snap for a hundred lovers! What has been remains, and what is shall be."

Miranda said nothing.

"Subtract love from life," said the young man, "and life remains. I would have the world know that love is a pleasant cipher, an amiable and entertaining mood, and that life is left when love is lost. There is no Love. It were more truly writ in the plural and spelled with a small letter."

Miranda turned upon him swiftly. "Fie! fie!" said she, and the light flashed in her eyes. "I know nothing of this Love, but I dare swear there be things that matter. Take these from life, and what will

rest over? Is there not sorrow, and is there not pain? Is there not remorse, and is there not the thing called sin? I know nothing of these—I am too young to the world. But there they stand, Sir, importuning at our doors with outstretched arms, and one has only to lift the latch to let them in. You would deny the very pulse of human nature when you ignore these evils. You would forswear the very weaknesses which have composed for you your sentiments."

In the excitement of her retort Miranda's face flushed and grew bright. Wide-eyed, the young man stared at her and forgot to laugh, and when she had done his head dropped and he sighed.

"Ah," she said, "you sigh. You yourself have felt and suffered. You have belied yourself! You sigh. There are facts in life even for sighs."

"'Tis true," he answered softly, "yet I sighed for pleasure."

"What pleasure?" she asked curiously.

"Or it may be hope," he added.

He looked at her, and his gaze was mild and wistful. She regarded him in perplexity, and then a wild flush took her in the cheek and throat.



"It was but a signal of the spring, Sir," says she, with a dainty bow.

"Pooh! pooh!" she cried, and turned off, plucking at the hawthorn bush. The white may smelled rank, but strange and soothing; the petals shivered and fell. Miranda's heart beat on, wondering. Something clapped at its doors again and again. Would she open? What was this impatient visitor that pleaded so for entrance? She had so little knowledge; she was but newly arrived upon the world. Her emotions were still strangers to her; she was a pilgrim still among her new sensations. Ought she to open? Nay, to stay so and wonder was surely pleasantest. One day she would throw wide the doors and look. But now it was sweet to feel that hand upon the knocker, that clutching at the latch, and lie trembling within in feigned insecurity. She turned and faced him. Straightway the clamour ceased, and in her heart was silence. She looked him coldly in the face.

"You smile for Love?" she asked.

"Yes, dear," said he, "and for the thought of you."

"Oh, you take me too lightly," she broke out. "You do not guess what a solemn thing this Love may be. You flutter into a thousand follies on the scantest reflection. You will dance, and you will play, and you will jingle-jangle through your holiday world without a thought for anything but pirouettes and jigs and whirligigs of laughter. The most sonorous of sacred sorrows may sound in your ears, and wake no echo but a jape within your heart. And you would put me upon that dead plane of ribald merriment with yourself? I will laugh with you. Yes; I will go beg of you for jests in my jocund seasons. I am willing to shriek over your whimsicalities at my own pleasure. In my serene unthinking moments I will be content to exchange humours with you, and to vow life were

void and dull were not such as you at my beck. But when I have opened my chamber and fastened the door upon myself, my soul and I shall be alone together, and I will weep, and pity, and repent, and ache out my heart with sorrows in which you can have no lot. I am young, but I have an inkling of what the world may mean."

"The world," said he, "means happiness."

"The world," she retorted, "means tears, and bitter wringing of the hands. Have I not heard of Death? And have I not seen Pain? You think me gay, yet how long shall I keep this gaiety in my heart? I go round upon the wheel. It turns and changes. What shall befall to-morrow that I should not weep to-day? You would pluck me with no greater consideration than you would pick a flower from its stalk wherewith to deck your coat. Should it wither or fall adust, another will serve until the coming of the wine. Look you, you will sigh and weep for love, and your sighs will be smiles, and your tears will be laughter. Forthright your heart is singing like a lark. Yours! yours is the shallowest of paltry passions."

"I would do much for you," said he.

"Give up your dimples," cried Miranda, "and so to the churchyard with a wry face?"

"Even that," he answered, nodding.

"Pah!" said she, "you will not contain your face lugubriously for five minutes by the clock. Though you shall remember to be sober for

THE REMBRANDTS AT CASSEL.*

Cassel is for the world at large "a remote Residenz-Stadt," which of late years owes its chief notoriety to the fact that it adjoined the palace where Napoleon III. passed the first months of his captivity after Sedan. But whatever the pseudo-classical attraction of Wilhelmshöhe—the outcome of the worst period of eighteenth-century design—the picture gallery in the adjoining town is worthy of every attention. When the first nucleus of the present collection was made, it would be hard to say; but by the middle of the last century it had come into prominence under the fostering care of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, William VIII., who seems to have combined the characters of a soldier of fortune and of an art-collector. Whichever taste was predominant—perhaps one was the natural supplement of the other—he managed to bring together a collection of pictures of the highest merit, and to these additions were from time to time made by some of his successors in the Landgraviate and Electorate. On the other hand, others of his successors were not indisposed to have an occasional "deal" in pictures, with the inevitable result that they or their heirs were generally the losers by the transaction. Be that as it may, the Cassel Gallery is still conspicuous among the art collections of Germany, and after Berlin, Munich, and Dresden, it holds unchallenged pre-eminence. The great wealth of the Cassel Gallery lies in its Dutch

pictures, and of these the more noteworthy are those of Franz Hals and Rembrandt van Rhyn. Of the latter's works, seventeen of the most important pictures have now been reproduced in mezzotint, and published by Mr. William Heinemann in portfolio form, offering one of the most sumptuous, and at the same time, most valuable additions to the connoisseur's library. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the varied contents of this portfolio, but it is enough to say that it presents excellent specimens of the artist's many-sided genius, as a painter of portraits, landscapes, and imaginative subjects. Among the women whom Rembrandt painted, none occupied a more noteworthy position than his first wife, Saskia van Uylenborch, the Friesland heiress, who was, perhaps, the first woman to give the artist any idea of feminine beauty. Until he met her he had had no models but those whom he found in his own family, or the still coarser types of the peasant women of Leyden and Amsterdam. Saskia, who realised in a great measure the ideal of Dutch and Flemish beauty, introduced a new element into Rembrandt's art, and he showed his gratitude to her for this, as well as for the social advantages derived from his marriage, by loading her with jewels and gold. In those days of good fortune, Rembrandt earned largely and spent lavishly, and, as the accompanying portrait shows, his wife profited by his wealth and good taste. He painted her in every attitude, and introduced



"The better for my laughter," laughed Miranda.

two sentences, at the third you will be whistling, and the fourth will find you holding your sides."

He moved a step towards her.

"And if I should die for you?" he asked pleadingly.

Miranda gasped. She contemplated his face with uncertainty. His eyes shone with the dew of tears; his hands trembled: it was the corner of his mouth betrayed him. Miranda burst into laughter.

"You!" she cried. "You! Why, you would forget my coffin as it passed, and the colour of my face ere my back was upon you. See here," she said; "I will give you to the hedge for misery; but I swear you will take the lane as jauntily as an hour since. Get you gone, my merry man, and come again to dispute with me in an idle humour. Fie! fie! to think on you and Death in the same company!"

He sighed and turned away.

"You have the smallest heart of any maid I know," he said, shaking his head.

"The better for my laughter," laughed Miranda.

He moved across the meadow, his head hanging, his eyes downcast, his stick dragging among the daisies. Miranda stared after him, her lips parted in amusement. He climbed the stile, and, stopping on the topmost step, turned to her again.

"I have at least one solace," he called across the meadow. "I shall forget your fickle face by night."

Miranda's laughter touched the skies and ceased. Her face fell thoughtful; she sighed and shrugged her dainty shoulders.

her into all his pictures, so that her portrait can now be found in every picture gallery and in half the private galleries of Europe and America.

Although the portrait of Saskia is one of the most attractive of Rembrandt's works in the Cassel Gallery, there are others which equal it in distinction and interest. The portrait of Rembrandt with a helmet, that of Krul, the poet, and Coppenol, the writing-master, are among the most brilliant of his pictures in that line, while his powers as a painter of landscape are seldom seen to greater advantage than in "The Winter Landscape" and "A Landscape with Ruins," which will always be cited as the best evidence of Rembrandt's equal mastery over the difficulties of natural light and shadow and of artificial chiaro-oscuro. A better key to Rembrandt can scarcely be found than in this collection, for his pictures at Cassel are more numerous and more varied than in any other European gallery—the Hague and Amsterdam not excluded.

GRANDPA (to little MABEL, who has attended church for the first time): "And how did you like the services, my dear?"

MABEL: "Oh, very well! The music was nice, and they had refreshments."—Puck.

* "Rembrandt: Seventeen of his Masterpieces from the Collection of his Pictures in the Cassel Gallery." Reproduced in Photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company, with an Essay by Frederick Wedmore. London: William Heinemann.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



SASKIA, HIS WIFE.—REMBRANDT.

REPRODUCED FROM MR. HEINEMANN'S SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHURES OF THE CASSEL COLLECTION.

ART NOTES.

A retrospect of the past year's art, as of any year's art, involves considerable difficulty, since the art of one year is so very like the art of another, that commonplace observations can scarcely be avoided in making the summary. What, for example, shall we say of the last Academy in brief? It was disappointing, let us say. But what Academy is anything at any time but disappointing, or, from the nature of the case, can be anything else? So vast an exhibition, with acres of canvas that must needs be inferior, cannot fail, year by year, to keep the average at a more or less fixed level. And, therefore, it is the common custom of the yearly critic to declare that the Academy has not sunk below its usual level. As though it could!

It is not likely, however, that the past year will be remembered even for any single picture, or for any few pictures, that were hung in the Academy; and as there is nothing further to be said, therefore, on that

The New Gallery's exhibition of the past year calls, like the Academy, for but small summary. It reappeared like any other spring flower; it had its interests, perhaps its beauties, and was dispersed thereafter into space. Into more recent exhibitions it is unnecessary now to enter, since we have treated them comparatively lately with some detailed consideration. One-man shows have been as plentiful as pears, and many of them have been exceedingly interesting. But if we were asked to name one characteristic of the year by which exhibitions of pictures appear in a rather more favourable light than formerly, it would be the excellent tendency which is fast growing prominent in all such shows, where the size permits it, of having a care for the general harmony of colour in the hanging of many pictures.

Everyone will remember Mr. Whistler's remarks concerning a certain visitor to an exhibition in which hung one of his most delicate nocturnes. The visitor stood long before the picture, while Mr. Whistler gazed upon him and his blue tie—"Reekitt's!" as the artist explained. And the



STILL WATERS.—JAMES E. GRACE.

EXHIBITED AT THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

score, we may pass on to other considerations. But there is nothing, indeed, to say of much importance about anything else in the past year's art. By far the most interesting exhibition was due to the energy of the directors of the Grafton Gallery. Their "Fair Women" collection, which was more or less completely renewed in the course of a long season, was admirable in conception and in execution. It combined the excellences of noble art, for the most part, as well as of a naturally pleasing sentiment, and was thereby justified of its success.

"A naturally pleasing sentiment." The frailty of beauty, the quickness of its passing, its crumbling, vanishing quality, have been the subjects of all writers of sentiment since beauty was first perceived in this poor world of ours. This exhibition, however, renewed the beauty of a long feminine past, and stole something from the sadness of its overthrow, giving to many beautiful women a kind of posthumous immortality. Louis Stevenson loved to haunt the graveyard of Edinburgh, to indulge his sentiments upon mortality—even though at the time he "flirted dumbly" with a housemaid; but here was a graveyard where the dead lived again and sweetly recalled the end of men without the terrors of the charnel. This is to be rhetorical, but the Grafton Gallery Exhibition of Fair Women excuses perhaps both rhetoric and sentiment.

result was ruin, for the moment, to Mr. Whistler's colour scheme. This year, then, a healthy attempt has been generally made to abolish the "Reekitt's" from the permanent hanging of the pictures. It implies considerable difficulty, much care, and, very often, ungrateful results. But such anxiety is, in the long run, well rewarded, and deserves more encouragement than hitherto it has received.

Among other interesting facts of the year should be set down Mr. Poynter's appointment to the position of Director of the National Gallery. What success he will have in his seriously responsible undertaking cannot as yet be forecast. Readers will remember the controversy which preceded the choice of Mr. Poynter for the post; it was said that a painter, by the very fact of his personal art, must necessarily be prejudiced in favour of some particular school, or of the tendencies of some group of schools. On the other hand, Mr. Sidney Colvin's claims were strenuously urged by those who naturally thought that a connoisseur should be freer from prejudice than a painter. The reasonableness of either side cannot, we fear, be decided by ordinary argument, and the Premier's advisers decided in favour of the painter, on the principle, doubtless, that if a Premier might be a Peer, a Director might well be a Painter. We made the joke before in this column, but perhaps it was made long enough ago to be forgotten by this time.



THE WELL OF CONSTANCY.—N. PRESCOTT-DAVIES, A.R.C.A.

"In these forests existed a Magic Fountain, discoverable only upon a certain day of the year; and those maidens who ventured to seek and find this spring, might ensure the constancy of their lovers by causing them to drink of the water drawn therefrom."—Ancient Legend.

EXHIBITED AT THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

And so, as the second paragraph of all fairy stories has it, we enter upon a new year, for art as for everything else. Not that art is to be judged by the tiny cycles of the year, or the comparative successes that each year brings forth. Still, there it is: the Academy and its train of lesser sisters are, as it were, preparing in multitudinous studios for their annual processions forth to the world, and we are so far creatures of convention that we are quite happy thus to parcel out the labours of our lives according to fixed temporal laws.

The New Gallery, then, approaches us with the first-fruits of the year's industry in art, with its exhibition of Venetian Art. The idea, for a beginning, is admirable; it has poetry in its very name. Venice, above all towns in the world, has a claim upon men of gratitude and affection in all matters of art. If a man should desire to attain a liberal education in colour, it is almost sufficient to plant him in Venice for a few months, and bid him look around and judge for himself. He, indeed, need not judge with any emphasis; if only he will wander around and collect impressions, time will bring to him a judgment out of multitudinous by-paths.

The odd thing about the exhibition in Regent Street is that, although its general effect is admirable, there are extremely few examples of the greatest Venetian art. Portraits by Titian and Tintoretto there are, but there are none which approach the greatest work of these greatest of Venetian artists. There are many paintings of considerable value from the brush of Giorgione, Bellini, Lorenzo, Lotto, and others; there is a very beautiful Moroni, a wonderful Canaletto, and a decorative Crivelli, which is not only beautiful in itself, but also extremely interesting to anybody with a sense of the past. This is a somewhat base general view of the pictures as one passes round, attempting to select particular canvases by particular men as more or less representative of the exhibition. Yet, although it will be seen from this summary that there is perhaps nothing in the whole show which, of itself, commends itself to extreme admiration, the general effect is—it can only be expressed in one word—Venetian. We propose next week to consider the exhibition in detail; for the present it must suffice to express the general feeling that, although not a great, although a somewhat slightly beautiful collection, it has a very persuasive artistic interest of its own.

We very gladly welcome the new edition of "The Year's Art" (J. S. Virtue and Co.), which, under the wide-awake editorship of Mr. A. C. R. Carter, makes yearly progress in utility. Probably the most frequently consulted portion of this handy volume is the directory, in which one finds nearly six thousand names and addresses. There are well-written and careful records of different art institutions, and a capital account of the art sales of the past year, which connoisseurs will peruse with interest. A list of fine-art dealers, a directory of three hundred private collectors, and particulars relating to the various institutions on the Continent which concern themselves with the spread of art, are other features of this compact book. The editor also gives reports of certain



JUNE.—N. PRESCOTT-DAVIES, A.R.C.A.

The morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fair.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.

important legal decisions, and an index makes "The Year's Art" easy for inquirers. Portraits of well-known artists, some drawn by themselves, brighten the pages, although one must confess that in the case of Mr. Louis Wain, "R.A.B.," and Mr. R. Sauber, the likeness is not very striking. Mr. Mortimer Menpes' dry-point portrait of Mr. Whistler forms the frontispiece to this indispensable book.



THE SILENT WATCH.—ROBERT MORLEY.

EXHIBITED AT THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A STUDY IN DRAB.*

Mr. Gissing is one of the few English novelists who take the trouble to have a view of life. In his case the view is not sanguine. A squalid street on a wet day does not disclose much buoyancy of aspect, and Mr. Gissing seems to spend most of his time and observation, so to speak, in that street, watching dreary figures under dripping umbrellas. In the present work he has chosen Brixton, and the region there adjacent, as the background of his drama—and anybody who has even a superficial acquaintance with the social economy on that side of the river may suspect the infinity of sordid misery which unfolds itself to a remorseless eye. Personally, I am ready to believe anything of Brixton; but I have been staggered by Mr. Gissing's revelations. Here is a typical family, named French.

Ada is married to one Arthur Peachey. Her sisters, Beatrice and Fanny, live in disinterested contemplation of the Peachey household, which is racked by Ada's temper, and illuminated by side-lights of sisterly vulgarity. Peachey, a quiet man, leaves Ada, taking his child with him; and his wife proceeds to smash the furniture. Beatrice cannot tolerate "wanton destruction of property," and this is the cheerful scene that ensues—

Now, indeed, the last trace of vicer was gone, the last rag of civilisation was rent off these young women: in physical conflict, vilifying each other like the female spawn of Whitechapel, they revealed themselves as born—raw material which the mill of education is supposed to convert into middle-class ladyhood.

Take another flower of Brixton—Jessica Morgan. She ruins her health by cramming for the examinations at Burlington House, and in her case the mill of education turns out a rancorous mass of blighted sexuality and spite. Then consider Samuel Barmby. He, I think, represents the genius of Camberwell. He has been brought up on paragraphs, and knows how many miles would be covered by all the cabs in London if they were arranged in a line, "back to back." He lectures at debating societies on national progress, and, in his capacity as executor of an estate, proposes to condone the evasion of the will by immoral relations with a married woman. How is that for Camberwell? Then there is Mr. Luckworth Crewe, who began his career as a foundling on a doorstep. He has a keen sense of humour, which finds its highest gratification in a row at Lillie Bridge, where the mob stormed the refreshment-room, and the "bobbies" were pelted with bottles, stones, and logs of wood. "And the swearing that went on!" says Mr. Crewe, describing this agreeable diversion to Miss French; "it's a long time since I heard such downright, hearty, solid swearing. There was one chap I kept near, and he swore for a full hour without stopping, except when he had a bottle in his mouth; he only stopped when he was speechless with liquor." "I wish I'd been there," said Miss French gaily; "it must have been no end of fun."

These specimens of Brixtonian culture are only incidental to the story, which concerns itself mainly with Nancy Lord, who is seduced; her lover, who marries her at once, and betakes himself to foreign parts; her father, who dies early in the book, after giving much excellent advice; her mother, who has been divorced; her brother, who kills himself by vicious courses; and the housekeeper of the family, who is the one entirely blameless person, and a mere shadow. Horace, the brother, is engaged to a shy young woman with money. I had a faint hope that she, at all events, would be redeemed from the general squalor, but no—she is a damaged lot in the marriage market. Horace throws her over and marries Fanny French, who, in the meantime, has been

amusing herself in Paris. The divorced mother lavishes affection on the boy under the pretext of being his aunt, but is unable to save him from ruin; and the disclosure of her real relation to Nancy excites no affectionate impulse in that young woman's mind. Do not suppose, however, that the story is a mere monotony of vice and gloom. I have given the atmosphere because that is indispensable to a proper understanding of Mr. Gissing's view of life. Unlike Mr. Traill, he sees skeletons everywhere. He has a poor opinion of what is called progress, and much scepticism about the blessings of education—such education as is possible to the social conditions of Brixton. There may be a good deal of exaggeration in this pessimism, but it is the honest belief of a skilled observer, and it gives to Mr. Gissing's novels an intellectual quality, an austere sincerity in the face of shallow optimism, a moral

weight, entirely lacking in the mass of current fiction. More than that, the book before me is extremely good reading, with all its grimness, and the character of Nancy Lord is a study of which any novelist, whatever his eminence, might be proud. Brixton may take heart from the courage and independence of this girl, despite the sorry shifts to which she is driven to conceal her marriage. Old Lord has left her half his money, with the proviso that she shall forfeit it if she marries before the age of twenty-six, a condition inspired by not unreasonable distrust of both his children. Nancy, indeed, gives herself in a moment of passion to a man of whom she knows little, and who, though he has the manliness to marry her, is coward enough to leave her to struggle with her secret alone, to hide the birth of her child, while he, suddenly deprived of an income which he did not earn, goes on a wild-goose chase to the Bahamas. Certainly Lionel Tarrant is not an imposing figure, and yet he is not a scoundrel. To an observer like Mr. Gissing there are infinite possibilities between those extremes, and Tarrant's flight for a time from his responsibilities is just the unheroic expedient to which the average sensual man, put into a sore strait by a stroke of ill-luck, would probably adopt. He is not at this juncture in love with his wife; he blames her with the usual logic of the male for having yielded to him; he blames himself for the quixotic haste of the special licence; he is irritated by her impending motherhood. It is one of those cases in which a man of that type, a much more common type than the optimists will admit, can be won and held

only by pride and strength of will in the woman. Nancy is weak enough at first; but the maturing of her mind is indicated with remarkable skill. The reader who wants in novels an exact compliance with moral maxims—above all, the decent veiling of that selfishness which is the ordinary mainspring of a man's actions, especially a man who is suddenly plunged from easy indulgence into rank poverty—will get no comfort from Mr. Gissing. The matron who cultivates deliberate ignorance of life will see no merit in Nancy, and will be shocked by the terms on which Tarrant and his wife eventually make the stability of their happiness. She conquers him by "rational acquiescence" in his defiance of the convention that husband and wife are not twain, but one flesh. "Husband and wife should interfere with each other not a jot more than two friends of the same sex living together." Tarrant lives in lodgings, Nancy under another roof. "I am content," she says. "You are working hard, and I won't make it harder for you." "Speak always like that!" he cries. "That's the kind of thing that binds man to woman, body and soul." This is a hard saying for the multitude of citizens who have been taught that to chain a man and woman together hand and foot as if they were dangerous convicts is the only moral safeguard of marriage.

L. F. AUSTIN.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

* "In the Year of Jubilee." By George Gissing. London: Lawrence and Bullen.

THE TSAR'S NEW REGIMENT.



SECOND OR ROYAL NORTH BRITISH REGIMENT OF DRAGOONS, 1795.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE TSAR'S NEW REGIMENT.



2nd NORTH BRITISH DRAGOONS (ROYAL SCOTS GREYS), 1895.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE LITERARY CRANKS OF LONDON.

IV.—THE SETTE OF ODD VOLUMES.

The number of volumes of the Variorum Shakspeare of 1821 having been one-and-twenty, the bibliophiles who gave birth to this curious Sette, now more than fifteen years ago, determined upon such a number as the limit of their club. It is, therefore, thoroughly in accord with the oddity of things that there should be forty-two Odd Volumes to-day. Nor is this larger number by any means an even one, as some fractious person might be disposed to think. The logical "Volume" who is twitted with his want of logic on this very point will demonstrate to you, easily and

with grace, that the factors of forty-two are twice twenty-one, and will convince you that there are not forty-two members in his club, but twice twenty-one. He will hand to you at the same time a striking little pamphlet, in which you will discover the rules of the Sette, and learn that its objects are mutual admiration and conviviality, and that in some ways it is quite the most remarkable literary society in London.

There is about these rules of the Odd Volumes a sublime regard for originality which is quite worthy of the brethren. Foreseeing

the ardour of partisanship, and knowing well that every member of a bookman's club is ready on all occasions to proclaim every other member a genius, the original rule-makers decreed, in their fifth edict, that any brother who shall lose his temper, and fail to recover it, shall be fined five shillings—to which fact we may ascribe the common opinion that the Sette is very rich. Nor is this the only safeguard against that zeal of admiration which is so characteristic of the arts. "The worst men," says Bailey, "often give the best advice," but any Odd Volume who gives to another any unasked advice at all is promptly fined a crown. In the same spirit is the injunction that none of the brethren shall talk upon any subject *which he understands*—a surpassingly beautiful conception, in entire conformity with all experience; and when to this is added the anathema against all religious, anthropological, and political discussion, the *Ultima Thule* of convivial diplomacy seems to be attained. There is yet, however, the perusal of Rule 16 to be enjoyed, there being, as the book says, no Rule 16; and to this flippancy many a bad speaker owes his oratorical salvation.

Here, then, is the basis of a literary coterie which for fifteen years or more has dined together on the first Friday of the winter and spring months, and in its time has put many hundreds of guests to the trial of good cookery and pleasant flattery. For some years the gatherings were at Willis's Rooms and in the Freemasons' Tavern (for the club has no permanent habitation); but the Sette now goes monthly to Limmer's Hotel, and there dines with a luxury and a completeness which is remarkable in the history of such societies. At the head of the table is "his Oddship," behind whose chair, in emphasis of the fact that he will raise a monument more lasting than brass, is a great tablet of the bright metal, black with hieroglyphics; at the foot there is the Key of the Archives, solemnly presented to the Chair before the banquet begins. One notices, too, that the Master of the Ceremonies carries a silver-tipped wand of office as he receives the guests with fine courtesy, and that jewelled badges of office sparkle upon the bosoms of many venerable councillors and past-presidents, while even the more humble "Volume" has a pretty monogram and ribbon in his buttonhole. Here, no one initiated in the privileges of Oddity is known by name or surname. Every member has his own title, and it is as sacred to him as the title of membership in another place. "Librarian, Organist, Antiquary, Artificer, Ignoramus, Vagabond, Pilgrim, Apothecary, Leech"—of these, and many more akin to them, is the Sette composed, and by such titles are its members consistently addressed. There is not even a "Vice-Chairman," only a "Vice-Oddship"; and when one sits through a long dinner, and hears mention of the Landscape-Painter, the Bibliographer, the Remembrancer, the Art Critic, the Master of the Rolls, the Ancient Mariner, the Seer, the Sculptor, the Parodist, and the Stationer, one gets a very fair idea of the professions and the pursuits of those who, in the adage of their own choosing, delight to play the fool when out of school, for thus their historiographer has translated the commonly quoted words of Horace.

But an Odd Volume dinner is not wholly characterised by Heliogabalian excesses or by pure displays of badinage. There are some to whom it is a very serious business, to none more particularly than to the guests.

No sooner is the cloth cleared, and the loyal toast well drunk, than "his Oddship" calls upon the brethren to introduce the visitors. Each Odd Volume rises then in turn with solemn face, and while his guest casts down his eyes upon the cloth, or betrays a sudden and violent interest in the ceiling, he pours forth a panegyric upon his merits. There is no heavier penalty of greatness or of obscurity than this—a dreadful moment when an applauding table rises from one *tour de force* of enthusiasm to another as the surprising virtues and the magnificent attainments of the victim are unfolded, and the waiters gape at him in the fulness of their amazement. And, one by one, those who have a past and those who have none are clothed in the momentary glare of fame, until the next speaker rises, and the subsequent proceedings interest them no more.

A quaint conceit such as this is productive not only of admirable wit, but also of happy oratory. I have heard at these meetings, from such visitors as Mr. Oscar Wilde, Mr. L. P. Austin, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Low, and from many Americans, after-dinner speeches which could scarce be surpassed in any society in London. It is the spirit of the thing fostered by a ready president—and all the presidents of the Odd Volumes have deserved the designation—which begets a *verve* and a sparkle unlooked for among bibliophiles, and especially among those who, forgetting the common vice of collecting other people's books, consistently collect their own. Yet it is matured to perfection in the Sette, and loses nothing from the fact that a serious paper is generally read by a serious Volume—bound for the moment in whole calf—to a company which has begun to call for whisky and soda-water and has lighted a second cigar. The Sette hearkens to the voice of the one crying, and learns of magic mirrors or of the drama in England, or of the music of Queen Anne, or of one of those many literary, musical, and artistic subjects with which its members are on such friendly terms. By-and-by, the author of the paper will be allowed to publish—at his own expense—and to bind gorgeously the product of his labour, and having produced an edition generally limited to 133 copies, he will present two copies to each of his brethren, and bind himself by the unspoken oath that the masterpiece shall not be sold in the market-place. In many ways the practice is praiseworthy. Every Odd Volume has a priceless collection of opuscula, and he hugs it to him with the thought that neither discounts nor depressions affect its value nor blur the recollection of friendship bound up with each brochure.

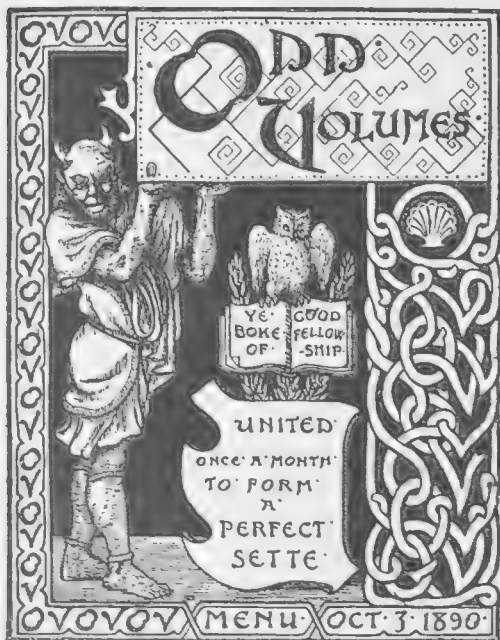
Beyond the reading of papers, the Sette has, under unusually energetic presidents, ventured upon banquets, to which ladies have been invited; upon concerts, as was the case in the late brilliant year of President Hollingsworth, and even upon a musical entertainment, skilfully organised by Dr. William Murrell, the Leech, whose months of office will long be very gratefully remembered by the Sette. Latterly, however, a sobering influence has been at work, and the vigour of youthful bibliophiles has been curbed by the reign of sterner literary exaction. It is to be hoped that this spirit will soon pass away, and that the "*Dulce est desipere in loco*" will continue to be preached in deeds and in dinners. The Sette has altogether a unique sphere; among its members one finds such names as those of the Lord Mayor, Mr. George Charles Haité, Mr. John Lane, Mr. Francis Elgar, Mr. Silvanus P. Thompson, F.R.S., Mr. E. Onslow Ford, A.R.A., Mr. Henry Moore, R.A., Mr. Frederic Villiers, Mr. Bernard Quaritch, Mr. Douglas Gordon, and Mr. James Roberts Brown, F.R.G.S. If it will continue not to take itself seriously, and practise the mutual admiration it preaches, the sparkle and go of its dinners will be recalled, and its oddity by no means lost. for, assuredly, the fact that bibliophiles have dined together for fifteen years and laughed all the time is one of the oddest things in the whole gamut of experience.

"Was that you, Sir, who stole a kiss from my daughter in that tunnel?"

"No. On the contrary, someone got one from me."

RIGHTEOUS WIFE (at breakfast): "Henry, will you ask a blessing?"

HENRY (examining hash): "We've blessed everything here before, dear."—*Life* (New York).



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"Oh! uncle; when I grow up shall I have a face like yours, if I'm wicked?"



LILLIE: "Why did you speak to that horrid fellow in the car? Weren't you afraid it would affect your standing?"
MILLIE: "Not a bit. He never offered a girl a seat in his life."



I. Our publican has been taking lessons in thought-reading under an eminent professor of the occult sciences. He was driven to it by the following par:—"The Lord Chief Justice and others decided a case against a publican for selling beer during prohibited hours on Sunday. The drinker supplied *had* walked the statutory three miles, but the judges went behind this, and tried to guess his *purpose* in walking them, with the result that their judgment was simply founded on the guess!" So our publican saw that his only hope of safety was thought-reading, according to the meaning of the Act.

II. But the authorities laid on a thought-reading policeman to every three-mile walker. By means of a wire attached to the walker's hat, that policeman was to discover his object in starting on the walk.

III. Yet, nevertheless, when that walker arrived at the "Three Twins," the reading of the policeman and the publican didn't tally. The policeman stated that the mind distinctly thought: "Blowed if I don't walk three miles and get a drink."

IV. So it came into court, and the judge (who also had taken lessons in thought-reading) had *his* little try.

V. Then—all of a sudden—it occurred to the judge that it might be as well to ask the walker himself what he had thought, and he said: "Blest if I know! Don't think I thought about it at all!"

Then the law *was* in a state. "How am I to decide on the thoughts of a party who doesn't know 'em himself?" it gasped—which is just what we could have told it at first.



THE BARON GOES SKATING.



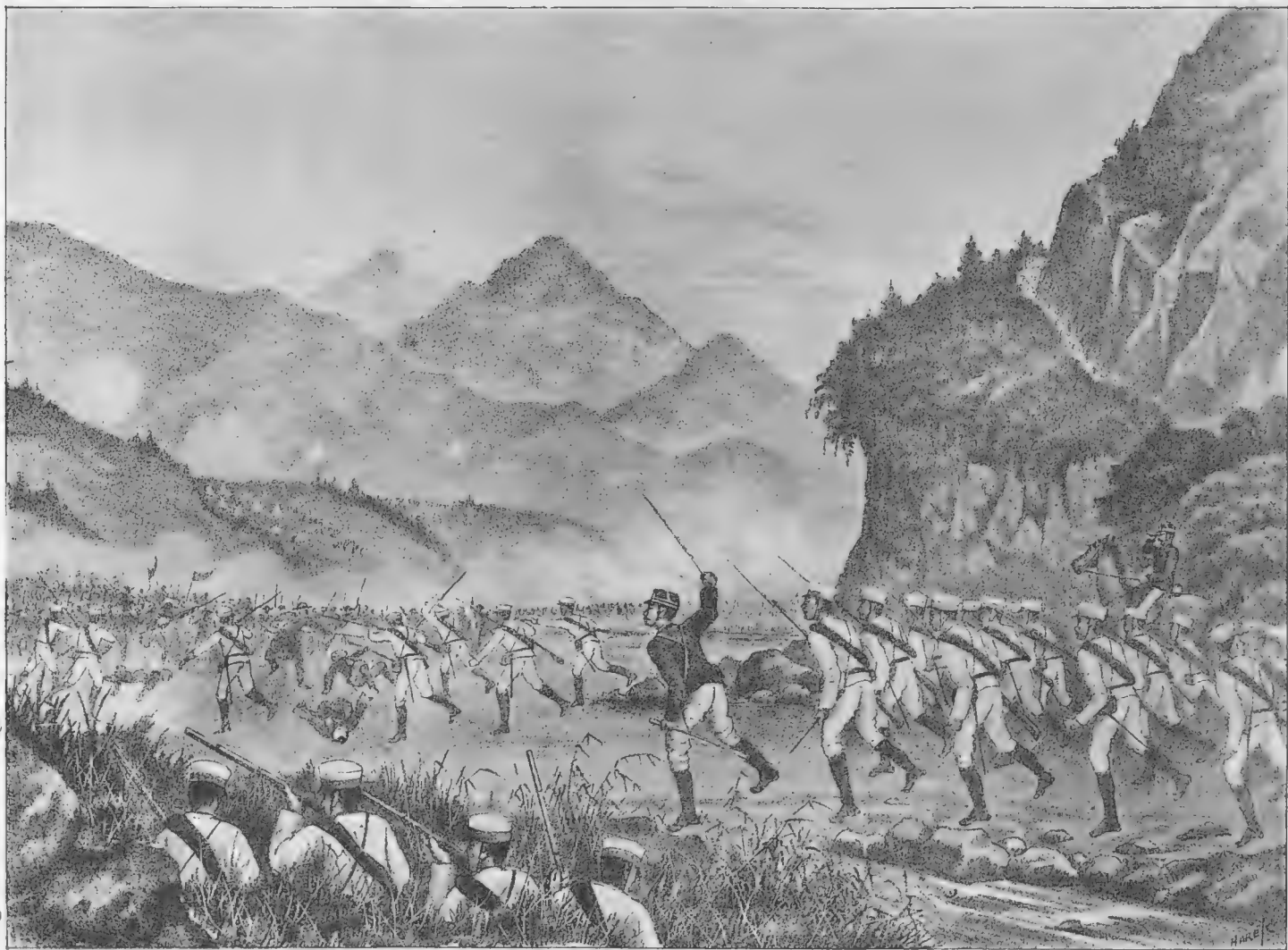
MISS MARIE HALTON, OF THE GAIETY THEATRE.

THE JAP AS A WAR SKETCHER.

From the collection of Mr. Lazenby Liberty (of Messrs. Liberty and Co.), for presentation to the Japan Society.



CAPTAIN MATSUZAKI ATTACKING THE CHINESE AT ANJO.



SEVERE FIGHTING AT TEISHO-ZAN, ON THE WAY TO THE BATTLE OF ASAN.

A TÊTE-À-TÊTE WITH MONSIEUR "MARS."

Surely never did a heart beat more gaily than does M. Mars's! What an inexhaustible fund of good spirits the man possesses! Never dull, never depressed, he seems to float buoyantly, like a cork, along the stream of life in a constant blaze of sunshine of his own making.

As we bowled along the Strand, onward to Olympia together, one afternoon a few days old now, his merry laughter and jocund voice—no small one—caused pessimistic passers-by to open their eyes widely in astonishment that on this *triste* December day so happy a soul existed.

"I love London very much," he cried; "even its fogs don't annoy me as long as they allow me just one nice outline in the background. They make the buildings so grand, so impressive."

I felt instinctively that Mars ought to be in a specially good humour, for was he not in his element, was he not in the studio where he has carried on his life's work—the open air? and never is this gay Parisian happier in manner and in mood than on the boulevard, the promenade, in the *salon* or the theatre—indeed, wherever the great world foregathers.

We were meeting the subjects of his brush and pencil at every moment, such as he depicted in his "La Vie de Londres." Here the smart recruiting sergeants, hard by the National Gallery; presently glimpses of daintily dressed ladies, driving in elegant victorias along Piccadilly; further on, the "whirl" of leaves along Parkside suggested the dead and dying memoranda of the fashions and the flirtations of the Row; and beyond, Kensington Gardens, the playground of the children.

"Ah! the children know I love them; women, pretty women, I admire, but children I adore. From an artist's point of view, there is a grace in a child which is not to be excelled by its mother, however beautiful. Ah, what do parents not owe to their children? More even than the children do conversely, perhaps. Children do so much to humanise the home and to keep love alive. I ought to know, for I have several of my own. Besides, I have sketched them on every beach in Europe almost. My books, 'Aux Bains d'Ostende,' 'Plages de Bretagne et Jersey,' 'Aux Rives d'Or,' and others, are full of children. Yes; children have been one of my studies on quite 250 beaches, from the coast of Holland, round Belgium, France, and as far as Genoa. Then I have devoted 'Nos Chéris' (Our Darlings) and 'Compères et Compagnons' (Friends and Playmates), the English translations, to them."

"What was the episode our friends were laughing over just now?"

"I will tell you. I was at a railway station the other day, when I saw an angel of a child in its mother's arms—yes; and the mother was so pretty, too. I said, 'Madame,' as I took off my hat, 'will you permit me to kiss your child? I have not seen my own little ones for a very long time. May I kiss her—please?'"

Then I rushed across the street and brought her some bonbons. Perhaps my love of children comes from my love of the natural. Every kind of sham I simply loathe—the parvenu, the snob—anyone who is aping to be what he is not, is frightful to me. You are probably familiar with my trio, Guy, Goutran, and Gaston, the three fops who figure largely in my contributions to *Le Journal Amusant* and *Le Charivari*. I hang much of my hatred of shams on their shoulders. Curiously enough, the other day," he rattled on, "in a Palais Royal piece, I found my three were presented as fathers, and later on they were grandfathers; so my creations had survived three generations. *À propos* of creations, did you know that I originated that fearfully hackneyed expression, *fin-de-siècle*? Yes, I drew in the *Charivari* a worn-out old *roué* at a *bal de l'opéra*, with a stout lady on one arm, and a pretty, scantily clothed girl on the other, and I appended 'Suis-je assez fin-de-siècle?' But I have never used the expression since; unfortunately, others have."

"You are not a caricaturist, I think, Monsieur?"

"Oh, no! I gave that up long before I became a public artist. But as a child, I remember, when my father had friends to dinner, he used to say, 'Well, Maurice, where will you sit? Are you going to take our guests in profile or front face?' For he knew that, directly dinner was over, I should run upstairs and put them all on paper from memory. No, my line is essentially humorous or satirical. However, I am frequently commissioned to do serious work, as, for instance, when I made a number of sketches of the Villa Zerio during the first few days

of the late Emperor Frederick's accession to the throne, for the *Graphic*, and also drawings in connection with H. M. Stanley's visit to Cannes, and others for the same paper."

"Where did you study?"

"Nowhere. Of course, I had drawing-lessons at school, and always took away the prizes at the Athenæum at Liège, and I attended the Lyceum at Lille. Then I spent two years at Frankfurt and Dresden, to learn the language. No, I never studied in a studio. I dislike models, artists' models—girls from the street, dressed up in clothes that don't belong to them, and don't suit them. They are false and unnatural. What I know I just picked up with my sketch-book in my hand."

This last remark reminded me of a similar one the late Randolph Caldecott made to me once; indeed, the same delicacy of line, "breeziness" of treatment, subtlety of humour, and efficiency of stroke distinguish the work of both. The Frenchman has, of course, moved more with his pencil among fashionable circles. Landscape and peasant life have, however, occasionally occupied him.

"I think people in England regard you as a great delineator of fashionable attire, Monsieur?"

"Is that so? But I have done so little in that way—never once in France. You see, my sketches are invariably of life and character, and, as I take so many subjects from the *beau monde*, necessarily my work depicts existing fashions; but they are not done with that object."

"Of course, you have many imitators?"

"Yes, but, somehow, they only accentuate one's faults, and never reproduce one's best qualities. They are useful to teach me just what I would most avoid. My advice to a young artist is: If you cannot originate, never copy anyone's mannerisms—you will never succeed."

"By the way, why do you sign yourself 'Mars'?"

"Well, I had to adopt a *nom de guerre*, so 'Mars' seemed sufficiently warlike," he replied, laughing heartily. "Of course, you know my family name is Bon Voisin."

"How long have you contributed to the Press—*Le Journal Amusant*, *L'Illustration*, *Le Charivari*, *La Vie Moderne*, &c.?"

"Well, my first appearance was twenty-two years ago in *Le Journal Amusant*, and the issue contained only two copies, for when the censor saw them—it was during the German occupation—he would not pass them. I shan't forget the day of my first appearance in print—few of us do, I think. Yes, it was Feb. 15, 1873. For the last nine years I have annually brought out a book like the 'Rives d'Or,' and always through the same publishers, Messrs. Plon, Nourrit, and Co."

"Now tell me what you consider the leading characteristic in the French art of to-day?" I asked, as we sat sipping our coffee after dinner.

"Well, I don't want to play the

Ruskin; but, since you ask me, I should say that woman is the pivot on which French art mostly turns, and the same may be said among other Latin nations, especially in humorous subjects. Anciently, religion was the motive in art subjects. Then, when it began to lose its influencing effect, mythological subjects came to the front, leading on to a prominence of the female form in art, while in Catholic countries the *épopée*, or the epic and heroic school, took the place of the religious. English and Dutch artists have generally preferred the study of the life around them. Gainsborough, Reynolds, Lawrence painted high life, while the Dutch masters depicted municipal and peasant life."

"But with regard to contemporary satirical or humorous art?" I asked.

"As a matter of fact, there are only three countries to be considered: the French persist in firing off their witticisms on the ladies; the Germans are never tired of poking fun at the "Lieutenant"; he figures in all their papers, of which the *Fliegende Blätter* is by far the best. This prominence given to the male, to the "fine fellow," is always a feature among all the Saxon races. In England the jokes circle round domestic and everyday life, as a rule. Of course, these are only my own ideas."

And thus he chatted on, telling anecdote after anecdote, which, alas! want of space precludes my relating. Dear me, what a merry fellow! How I regretted his having to say "Good-bye"! Stay; it was "Au revoir." There's comfort in that.

T. H. L.



"MARS" (MONSIEUR BON VOISIN).

LONDON THROUGH FRENCH EYES.

"Chacun à son humeur!" John Bull makes merry with pen and pencil over the foibles and follies of his French neighbours, and Jacques Bonhomme retaliates with quip and epigram, in verse and colour, over the comic side of "la vie de Londres." Nor will John Bull have much right to complain while Jacques Bonhomme laughs at him as gently and good-humouredly as he does under the genial influence

like colour to our too tame-tinted life? Certainly not Lady Languish, as she perambulates the Park; nor Mary Jane, as she loiters on the Embankment; nor the red god himself, as he looks down from heaven upon his chosen children; nor his faithful son, who beams his photographing rays upon us from the "Earthly Paradise" across the sea.

But there is no jealousy about "Mars." The policeman, that eminently English institution, has full justice done to him, and is allowed to regulate the traffic in these pictures of London life without even a



ON THE EMBANKMENT.—"MARS."

of "Mars," a planet among the "stars" if judged by his *nom de plume*, and shall we say a Saul among the artists when tested by *les touches de son crayon*? Certainly a "star-artist," if only to the extent of doing one music-hall turn in the course of his pictorial pageant through life in London. Whether by a process of natural selection peculiar to French taste, or in recognition of the honour due to the red god whose name he bears, appears not, but the artist begins his series of pictures of London life with the Horse Guards, and he delineates them as the world has ever found them, the admired of all (feminine) beholders, the centre of a man-animated group of ladies' eyes. The soldier marches gallantly throughout this pageant of London life, and is, perhaps, a little more in evidence in the book than in the life itself as we observe it; but who will deny the picturesqueness of a scarlet coat, and say that it does not contribute something

suggestion of the spirit of mutual jealousy supposed to animate the civic and the military mind. Most phases of London life are dealt with, and in the main with point and accuracy. Only here and there do we meet with French details not familiar in English scenes. Even the pot-hat is of the native genus, except, perhaps, in cases in which it adorns heads which may be supposed to affect Paris fashions. Page cartoons of "Charing Cross Railway Station," perhaps the best; "Hyde Park," *à la Du Maurier*; "Rotten Row," an admirable equestrian scene; and "Kensington Gardens," a trifle too imaginative, mark the main divisions of the book; and the rest of the large pages are occupied with vignettes of all sorts and conditions of men under all sorts and conditions of London life: plebeian and patrician, flower-girls and noblemen, cabmen and governesses, barristers, beadles, and ballet-girls—all characteristic and "chacun à son humeur."

A HUNGARIAN SINGER AT THE ALHAMBRA.

The *laide* but fascinating Yvette has deserted the Empire for *le petit Paris*, as the good people of Brussels fondly call their city; but the rival palace of delight in Leicester Square still has its Anna Baldacsy to charm nightly applauding audiences with *bizarre* selections from *Hungarische* and *Deutsche Lieder*. Though the words of Fräulein Baldacsy's *chansons* may not be understood of an English audience, she is appreciated for her own sake. For the fair Hungarian is emphatically a *Sängerin*. Nature has endowed her with a voice of extraordinary range and *timbre*. In that droll and lively ditty, "Excentric muss man sein," which seems to



Photo by Albert Meyer, Berlin.

FRÄULEIN ANNA BALDACSY.

have such an electrifying effect on her Alhambra admirers, she pipes as gaily as the lark "at Heaven's gate"; while in German *sentimentalische Lieder*, or when singing the weird melodies of her native Hungary, she charms you with harmonies rich and mellow as those of Philomel.

I found Miss Baldacsy, who knows only some half-dozen words of English, in her cosy drawing-room, chatting gaily with, and dispensing hospitality to, a group of her compatriots—members of Stanhope's Royal Hungarian Band; but she good-naturedly refused to permit me to "call another time," and smilingly granted me the interview I required on my mentioning the journal I represented.

"Your illustrated papers here are so splendidly got up, and so interestingly personal and local! We have got nothing like them on the Continent, so far as I know"—and Miss Baldacsy added a specially flattering allusion to *The Sketch*.

"How do you like your audiences at the Alhambra?" I inquired. "Do the people strike you as cold and unemotional compared with your previous audiences?"

"Not at all, though I confess I had a dread that it might be so. You know, of course, the Continental idea respecting English people. Everybody speaks of them as *so kalt*. Well, my first night at the Alhambra dispelled that notion. They seemed to catch the points of my songs and to enjoy them nearly as much as Hungarian or German audiences."

"You will have no reluctance, then, I suppose, to return to London in the event of an engagement being—"

"Oh, I am already engaged," she interrupted. "I am coming back next spring twelvemonth. Those dreadful fogs you people don't seem to mind will then be away. They have destroyed my voice. Whatever illusion," she added laughingly, "there may be as to your *froideur*, there is certainly none about your fogs. And making one feel so miserable and depressed, too, at the season of the year when we ought to be cheerful. Ugh! I shudder when I think of them."

"It is five years ago now since I saw you at Buda-Pesth. Where have you been touring since?"

"Oh, almost everywhere on the Continent except Paris. I have the warmest recollections, however, of St. Petersburg and Kieff, where the students—those dear, delightful, dreadful Russian students—were very enthusiastic. I have sung also in Rome, Madrid, Berlin, and in all the principal places in Austria and Hungary, where, of course, I am best known. On leaving the Alhambra, I'm off to Paris, to spend some well-earned holidays with my little sister," stroking caressingly, as she spoke, the head of the pretty, tiny figure beside her. "Afterwards, I go to Copenhagen on a two months' engagement. I am fully booked up until my return visit to London. When I appear here again I shall have added a few new English songs to my *répertoire*, and I hope to make one or two of them popular here."

"And now, before leaving you, Miss Baldacsy"—I observed her compatriots were glaring fiercely at me for monopolising so much of her time—"I should like to have your opinion on English womankind. Do they seem to you 'Faites par la même mère,' as Mdlle. Yvette Guilbert has been bold enough to say?"

"Not at all," was the reply. "Of course, they look English, just as a Frenchwoman looks French; but it seems to me the difference between them individually, as regards appearance, is just as great as in the case of women of other nationalities. No other girls have got such a splendid healthy colour as English ones. They dress beautifully, too," she added, "except in one respect."

"And that?"

"They lose all their *goût*, apparently, when they buy boots or shoes. I am always struck, when walking in the streets, by their indifference in this respect. One sees everywhere boots clumsy, ill-made, and dirty. Mind, I am not speaking now of the lower middle-class or of the poorest people. They are past all redemption, seemingly."

Telling the sweet-voiced *Sängerin* that I would note this scathing censure, in the hope that my countrywomen would profit by it, and that they would be free from reproach on that score on her return, we wished one another "*Herzlichen Glückwunsch zum Jahreswechsel*," and said, "*Auf Wiedersehen*."

P. J. H. C.

MADEMOISELLE JEANNE DOUSTE.

Gretel is a very pretty and interesting person on the stage at Daly's Theatre, and Mdlle. Jeanne Douste, the creator of the part, equally deserves these compliments off the stage. She and her sister, Mdlle. Louise Douste, have been very popular in musical circles for some time, and their versatility is as striking as their success. Both are excellent pianists, and it was only eighteen months ago that Mdlle. Jeanne showed what a fine vocalist she is. Her teacher has been Signor Tosti, who decrees that she must resign pianoforte-playing in order to give more



Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

MDLLE. JEANNE DOUSTE.

time for vocal practice. She is fortunate, moreover, in having attracted the kindly interest of Madame Adelina Patti, and she comes fresh from triumphs in Paris. She was pianist to the young Princesses at the Court of the King of the Belgians, and to hear Mdlles. Jeanne and Louise Douste "reminisce" is quite an enjoyable experience, for both are witty and amusing. They are great favourites with ladies, a subtle compliment to their charm; and I shall never forget the enthusiastic crowd which filled Prince's Hall at their last concert thereat. There were as many ladies present as one would see at a Sarasate recital, and the adjectives I heard live in my memory yet. Doubtless they will throng Daly's Theatre to hear one of their favourites in Humperdinck's comic opera, which was declared by Siegfried Wagner the most successful opera since "*Parsifal*."

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

It is not altogether a precedent to have fourteen Southern players in an international Rugby team. When England beat Scotland in 1885 the English side was composed entirely of Southerners, and what a team they were! In those days there were giants in the land. Even yet the names are referred to as among the greatest that England ever produced. Where, for instance, have we backs superior to Tristram, Evanson, Wade, or Rotherham? Or where forwards superior to C. and E. T. Gurdon? The latter is still a familiar figure on the football field, but now only in the capacity of referee, a position for which he is eminently fitted.

The Blackheath Club, with its new internationals, will receive a visit next Saturday from Coventry, one of the leading Midland clubs. Not

The visit of the Stade Français, a leading French Rugby club, to London three seasons ago, has been the forerunner of a regular series of international club matches. Already three English clubs have visited Paris this season, and next Sunday will see what is called a Cambridge Fifteen opposing the Stade Français in Paris. Although the English side is called the Cambridge Fifteen, there are very few present-day Cantabs among them; and one of the names given is not that of a Cantab at all, although he is a well-known footballer. The Cambridge side, which I give below, is a very strong one, and ought to win with something in hand.

A Cambridge XV.: W. P. Carpmael (Jesus), back; J. Gowans (Clare), R. H. Storey (Clare), W. H. Head (Caius), and W. J. Susmann (Caius), three-quarter backs; F. H. Maturin (Caius) and P. Maud, half-backs; W. E. Tucker (Caius),

W. H. Farquharson. W. Hicks Beach. H. Hardman. H. B. Richardson. H. Ashford.



R. G. Morison (Vice-Pres.). R. Blunt. B. A. Jackson. D. A. Craigie (Captain). H. H. Hickley. T. H. Dudley (Sec.).
H. Hepburn. A. Hepburn.

BRITISH CLUB, BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. A. NELSON, BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA.

only have Coventry succeeded this season in defeating teams like Cambridge University, but they have played Oxford and Newport a very close game. Coventry have frequently visited London to meet Richmond, but this visit, I believe, is their first, for some years at least, to Rectory Field.

Football in California finds enthusiastic exponents in the British Club, Bakersfield, Keen County. It was formed three years ago, for the purpose of bringing young Englishmen together, and to keep up the old British sports. It started with twenty members, and now numbers eighty-five. There are an Association, a Rugby, and a cricket team. The cricket eleven won the Championship of Southern California at Los Angeles last March, and in October met the Penryn Cricket Club, of Placer County, at San Francisco, and won the game by 85 runs. The Rugby football team also played in San Francisco, but was defeated in the final round by the Nomads by eight points. In November the Pacific Wanderers of San Francisco met the Association team at the Athletic Park, Bakersfield, for the first time, and the club won easily by four goals to one. The colours of the club, by the way, are appropriately red, white, and blue. English games are now quite popular with Californians. Five years ago there were not a dozen English people in Bakersfield, now there are nearly five hundred.

F. Mitchell (Caius), A. F. Todd (Caius), C. Dixon (Trinity Hall), S. J. Lawry (Trinity), H. P. Bannerman (Trinity), W. Mortimer (Trinity), and L. B. Hopper (Caius), forwards.

After all the signs and portents and wordy warfare, the great pitched battle between the Rugby Union Committee and the Northern County delegates has ended in smoke. We were going to see professionalism established forthwith, but recent events have probably put it back for another five or ten years. That professionalism in Rugby is inevitable, if not desirable, I still believe, and all that has been done is to delay the eventful hour. The immediate reason for the collapse of the fight, so to speak, was the virtual withdrawal of the famous Circular by the Union Committee. They were wise in their day and generation. From the first the Circular was voted a mistake even by the warmest friends of amateurism, and when it was sent out in its amended form, the Northerners were the first to give it their blessing.

It was, however, unfortunate that certain members should have thought it necessary to bring in a proposal to give a reward of twenty pounds to any club member giving information regarding professionalism. I am glad to say that this system of sneak legislation was defeated by a handsome majority.

There is one more tie in the South-Eastern group of the Rugby

[Continued on page 533.]

PHILOSOPHICAL REMARKS OF A SANDWICH-MAN.

DRAWN BY A. S. HARTRICK.



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County Championship to be decided. Surrey and Middlesex meet at Richmond to-day, to decide which will hold the wooden spoon of their division. It is rather sad to see two such counties as Surrey and Middlesex reduced to these straits. Properly organised, Middlesex at least ought to be able, as a county, to hold their own against any other in England. One year they made the effort, and they succeeded in reaching the final, but since then they have allowed matters to drift, and the county fifteen, instead of being composed of the best available men, has been made up largely of old crocks and immature players.

Although the famous Sunderland team are at the top of the League for the first time this season, they have recently lost one or two matches, and their friends have been in rather a sad way. On successive days Sunderland lost to Notts Forest and Preston North End. Both matches were, of course, played away from home. In the return match at Sunderland the home team beat North End easily enough, while the only game which Sunderland have failed to win on their own ground this season was against Aston Villa, when both sides scored four goals. At the present moment Aston Villa are the strongest club in the League, but it is doubtful how long their success may continue. Everton, on the other hand, have shown strange signs of weakness, and as they have still to meet Aston Villa twice, there are at least two possible losses in store for them.

Never since the League was established has there been a better fight for the championship. Although Sunderland and Everton have a strong lead over the others, a few accidents might yet upset their chances, and if another rival is to come to the front it may be the Villans of Birmingham. Among other clubs who have shown unexpected strength in recent matches may be mentioned Notts Forest and Sheffield Wednesday. Perhaps the best thing the Wednesday Club has done was to defeat Everton pointless by three goals a few days ago. It does not require very much foresight to determine which of the clubs will be at the bottom of the League. Stoke is in that position at present, and it will have some difficulty in getting out of it. Liverpool may run them hard for the wooden spoon, and it is almost certain that West Bromwich will be in the last three.

In the League Second Division Bury is so far ahead of the others that it can hardly fail to finish at the top. The strength of the Bury Club can, perhaps, best be seen in the fact that they visited Bolton the

other day, and defeated the Wanderers by a goal. Grimsby Town are still going strongly, and are almost certain of second place; but it is doubtful whether Notts County, Newton Heath, or Woolwich Arsenal will get the coveted third place and qualify for the test match, which gives them a chance of entering the First League.

Among the Second League clubs none have made greater progress this season than Woolwich Arsenal. A great deal of their improvement is no doubt due to the excellent goal-keeping of Harry Storer, who played for Loughborough last year. It is doubtful whether, on the season's form, there is any better goal-keeper in England than the Arsenal man. Not only is he a fine footballer, but, like his brother, the



Photo by Cobb and Keir, Woolwich.
HARRY STORER.

Derbyshire wicket-keeper, he is a splendid exponent of the summer game, and it might be worth the while of Kent, for instance, to get him to qualify for the hop county. He is still young enough to improve, as he was born in July, 1871, at Ripley, Derbyshire.

CRICKET.

Just a word to record the fact that England has again beaten Australia in the second of the test matches. England only won by 94 runs after a long-drawn-out battle, in which each side held an alternate advantage. The hero of the game was the English captain, A. E. Stoddart, who, in the second innings, played in faultless style for 173. It ought also to be put on record that Brockwell, at a critical time, worked great havoc with the ball. We all know Brockwell as a batsman, but he has given so little attention to the trundling department that his success came somewhat as a surprise. There are three more test matches to be played, so that, should Australia win them all, which is unlikely, they have still a chance of claiming the rubber.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The entries for the Spring Races are satisfactory on the whole, and it is evident we are in for another busy racing season. It is a pity, though, that some of the old-fashioned meetings, such as Bath, Salisbury, and even Goodwood, do not meet with their fair share of owners' patronage. I really am of the opinion that Lord March must introduce another valuable handicap, or even two, at Goodwood if the Sussex meeting is to hold its own. One swallow does not make a summer, and the Stewards' Cup is not enough to satisfy the wants of speculators in these days.

Most people object to pay income-tax, especially if they have no income on which to pay. According to my informant, many of the pencilers have to pay so much, whether they have a winning or a losing year, and I hear of one case where a professional layer produced his book to show that he had lost £4000 net in 1894, but he is assessed at his usual amount for the coming season. Of course, as the bookie rightly says, he cannot preach his poverty from the house-tops, as it would shake the faith of his customers, so he has to grin and bear it.

Several promising two-year-olds are being prepared at Newmarket for the early spring engagements, but it can be taken for granted that the best of Jewitt's, Ryan's, and Porter's will not be seen out before Ascot. Taking an average of years, it is remarkable how badly winners of the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln cut up later on, though it has to be admitted that Ella Tweed, last year's winner, after losing all form, ran well in September, when she won the Devonshire Nursery with 8 st. 4 lb.

I am told that when a raid has to be made on any little bookmaker in London, detectives from a distance are told off to do the necessary business. Can it be that all the police in the immediate neighbourhood are known to and know the suspected party? If so, a large number of members of the force must do a bit of betting. Strange stories are sometimes hinted at of detectives who back horses and take their winnings when they are successful, but do not part when they lose. The Yankees would term this "smart." I should style it "levying blackmail."

Lord Wolverton will be an acquisition to the Turf, and I hope he will start a breeding stud at Iwerne Minster, where there is a capital range of stables. The political Lord Wolverton, who acted as Whip to the Liberal party, was very fond of steeplechasing, and he had a few useful jumpers in training, but, strange to say, he seldom won a race. The present Peer has acted wisely in buying valuable young horses that are very likely to win big races, and Lord Marcus Beresford can be trusted to place them to the best advantage.

I think Tom Loates will head the list of winning jockeys in 1895—that is, if he enjoys good health—as he will steer some good horses for Jewitt and Hayhoe's stables, to say nothing of chance mounts. M. Cannon will again have a good record, and Bradford is likely to shine once more. The "Pocket Hercules," as Bradford has been called, is much liked by backers, as he believes in making sure of victory, and he is never shot on the post as are several of the flash jockeys, who could win by the length of a street, but try unsuccessfully the short-head business.

One of the greatest mistakes made by the National Hunt Committee was the rule passed compelling clerks of courses to divide the prize-money equally between hurdle-races and steeplechases. In my opinion, there should be four hurdle-races and only two steeplechases each day, as a little consideration should be given to the public, who have to pay heavy ring charges. Under existing conditions, it happens, oftener than not, that a steeplechase ends in a walk-over, whereas, if a hurdle-race were substituted, it might attract ten or a dozen runners.

Lord William Beresford will, I should say, start a racing stud in England shortly, and nothing would delight sportsmen more than to see his Lordship in the saddle once more. Lord William, like his brother, Lord Marcus, is a good judge of horseflesh, and of the many horses he bought to run in India the majority paid their way well, and, I am told, Lord William used to back them heavily. It may interest many to know that the two brothers have registered the same colours—very light blue, black cap.

Professional cross-country jockeys are not having a rosy time of it just now, as so many gentlemen own racehorses for the express purpose of riding themselves. The consequence is that when a professional is hired, it is often because the amateur does not like the mount. My own opinion is that an owner once riding a horse should be always compelled to ride the same animal in his races. It is hard on the pros to ride fat horses, and see the same animals, when fit, handled by gentlemen.

It is wonderful how much care has to be bestowed on some racehorses before they can be made to win. The present trainer of Earl of Annandale told me that the horse was always a shy feeder (as is Llanthony) away from home, so he hit on the idea of giving him a tonic. This is administered in half a pint of stout the night before running, and the result is the horse clears his manger up. Earl of Annandale has won four times off the reel, thanks to the tonic and the stout. Why not try a dose or two on Llanthony?

The gold medal offered by the Derbyshire Golf Club for the best aggregate scores in the ordinary monthly competitions during the past year has been won by Mr. T. C. Jeffrey. The medal practically carries with it the championship of the club, and thus the winner secures a double honour.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A good many readers may have a pleasant memory of Lady Lindsay's verses for children, "A String of Beads." In her new volume of poems, "The King's Last Vigil" (Kegan Paul), she seeks a wider audience, and with considerable success. The average quality of her verse is good; there are poems that are stamped with real distinction. But those with children as their theme I still find best. "The Fisher-Babe's Cradle-Song" is a gem, and a yet brighter gem is "A Naiad to Her Child." Here is one verse to show the sweetness and tenderness of Lady Lindsay's songs at their best—

To thee the baby frogs croak out,
The yellow iris shades thee;
The dragon-fly floats close about,
The wild-bee scarce upbraids thee;
And fortune's bird, blue halcyon—
Olympian, sent—doth greet my son.

There is something to be keenly grateful for in this volume of sane and simple verse.

Mr. Norman Gale has republished his "Country Muse," first series (A. Constable), with some additions. There are half-a-dozen new poems, two of these, at least, charming. One, "A House in the Hedge," has a theme that always delights him, and for which he finds, I think, happier expression than he does for human love-making. Whatever be the value of the first edition of the poems, it is worth while possessing the second for the sake of this—

All architecture done,
And housekeeping begun,
The mother warms with joy
Her coming maid or boy.
Her husband in the tree
Pours out his heart in glee,
And tells the evening star
How blue his treasures are.

The Catholic movement in literature, a strong reality to-day in England as in France, if working within narrow limits, has its newest interpretation in Mr. Selwyn Image's "Poems and Carols" (Elkin Mathews). Of course, the book is charming to look at and to handle, since it is his. The Chiswick Press and Mr. Mathews have helped him to realise his design. Indeed, all its exterior points put a great obligation of perfection on the matter within.

The poems are of two inspirations, of two corresponding manners. The first is what is vaguely, and roughly, and generally incorrectly known as Elizabethan in metre, in symbol, in image, and, for that matter, in subject too, which is mostly love in its gentler moods and manifestations. The second gives metrical form to such doctrines and personations of the Catholic faith as are capable of being treated simply and picturesquely, and the older English carols have been chiefly their model. In the first manner, Mr. Image shows himself a master of many charming verse-forms. He has experimentalised successfully as well as ambitiously, and, besides, he is possessed in all sincerity by the mood and thought which he attempts to express. Something very vital is, nevertheless, lacking—possibly the spirit of poetry. Now and again, however, his wing bears him up with a light grace that is admirable, as in "Praises"—

Wouldst thou praise Her as a rose,
Honied and fair?
Beware!
Sweetest flower in garden-close
Just buds, and goes.
Wouldst thou praise Her as a star
In heaven's blue:
And sue
Morning and Night? Too far
Such star-lights are.

His note is far stronger, and his song more vital and original—though here he sticks closer to his models—in the carols. Even when our memory calls up for rivals old songs of Christmas and Easter, old hymns to the Virgin, as well as recent verse of similar inspiration, such as Miss Rossetti and Mrs. Hinkson have given us, the rivalry gives place to companionship. "The Shepherds' Song,"

Deep, deep snow,
Wild, wild wind;

is a delightful specimen of that rough-hewn, pictorial manner in which all the best Christmas poetry is written. "Rough-hewn" may seem to leave out Gautier's exquisite carol in "Émaux et Camées," as conscious a bit of art as any in that most-chiselled and elaborated of all the books of verse in the world. But not so in reality, for, with the perfection of his art, he not only reduced the lines to their barely essential number, but left the rough edges, too—not in slavish imitation, but in genuine admiration of the untaught, perfect art of the earlier makers. One or two of Mr. Image's carols, if on a lower level of art, will surely keep their place in Christmas literature.

The author of "Father O'Flynn" has the best of rights to talk of Irish songs, and so we listen to him very willingly in his preface to "The Irish Song Book" (Unwin), the newer volume, and, so far, much the liveliest one, of the "New Irish Library." He talks of Irish songs and Irish music both learnedly and pleasantly, and gives an excellent collection of both words and airs. Only two serious faults can one find with his book. He has omitted from his own pieces "Father O'Flynn," a gross error of judgment; and he cannot make an index or table of

contents. As a matter of fact, he has made three, and yet we flounder about in trying to make out how much and what particular song-writer of our literary acquaintance has contributed to the collection.

Thomas Davis used to feel a keen jealousy of Scotland because it had songs to keep its people's heart alive. He did his best to bestir his friends and himself to give music and ballads to his own country, and their patriotic fervour was often enough transmuted into poetry to gain them a large measure of honourable success. The "Young Ireland" time is, of course, duly represented in Mr. Graves's book. But, even judging by the small number of older songs it contains, Davis's pathetic jealousy seems not altogether justified. Since space forbade the editor to do more, he has at least pointed in his preface to the mine of popular song, mostly inaccessible, the efforts of Ferguson and Dr. Hyde. The newer Irish poetry of to-day—such of it, at least, as is singable—is, of course, represented too, and, if in small quantity, it is interesting to note how it differs from the consciously patriotic and instructive poetry turned out to order by all save one or two of the Young Irelanders half a century ago.

One is not easily reconciled to "Harper Tandy" for "Napper Tandy" in "The Wearing of the Green," but, generally, Mr. Graves's versions will be as acceptable as his choice of pieces for a people's song-book has been excellent. It is very good fortune to get for a shilling the best of Tom Moore, with the airs, to find that "The Protestant Boys" does not thrust out "The Shan Van Voght," and be able to sing Lover's "Molly Carew" to the tune beloved of Diana of the Crossways, "Planxty Reilly."

O. O.

IN DRESS.

Aglaia, the journal of the Healthy and Artistic Dress Union, advocates "an improved evening dress for gentlemen, to consist of coat, waistcoat, and knee-breeches of velveteen, silk stockings, and shoes, preferably with buckles. The waistcoat may be of stout, creamy-white silk. It is strongly urged that the shirt should also be of creamy-white silk (*not* twilled). The cuffs might be frilled." The dress advocated "obviously revives some features of the dress of the XVIII century."

Oh, ye shall walk in silk attire,
The latest prophet preaches,
Like some forgotten buck or squire
Who came to Town in breeches.
Bring back the hose of beaux sublime,
The age of wigs and ruffles.
'Tis ever thus that fickle Time
The cards of fashion shuffles.
Of bronze or green your velveteen,
Like mediæval scholar's;
Let silk of creamy softness wean
Our dudes from puppy collars;
With patent-leather pumps away!
Bring back the shoes and buckles,
That shod the beaux of yesterday,
Be-ruffled to their knuckles.
And let your shirt be simply made
Of silk (by preference Corah),
Like fops who used to serenade
A Chloë or Aurora;
Its colour creamy white; and twilled
Must always be evaded:
The cuffs and front look better frilled;
The waistcoat is broadened.
"Farewell to starch and sombre black;
Revive the bell-top beaver,
And cast aside the slouching 'sack'
That cloaks the gay deceiver"—
Ah, me! I fear 'tis passing hard
To re-create the ages,
When beau and belle, and wit and bard
Rode in Sedans and stages.

J. M. B.

With their growing years, Messrs. Cassell show no decrepitude in the general excellency of their periodical publications. Each fills a definite sphere, and continues to do so in a way that betokens a keen appreciation of the needs of the time. The various issues for the new year start well. The *Magazine of Art* has a beautiful reproduction of Mr. David Law's etching of Kilchurn Castle, near where Mr. P. G. Hamerton established his "Painters' Camp" in 1857. Mr. Spielmann describes the diners at the *Punch* dinner-table—an article that all students of Mr. *Punch* will read with interest. Seventeen of the signatures on the table are reproduced. *Cassell's Family Magazine* is up to date in an article on the "Picturesqueness of the Peers." Mr. Charles Capper is interviewed on whistling as a profession, and Mr. Stanley J. Weyman on history and fiction. Mr. G. L. Seymour's frontispiece is admirable. The *Quiver* continues to cater for its audience with the same care as ever. *Little Folks* has no English rival for children. With this month's issue an album of song for children is given away. All boys should make chums with *Chums*, even though the illustrations might be better. The *Saturday Journal* is packed-full of information, interestingly served up for the taste of those who run as they read. For the amateur specialist, *Cottage Gardening and Work* have a great deal that is useful. The youngest of the Cassell series is the *Paris Mode*, a cheap pennyworth.

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Vol. 1 No. 46. Saturday, Nov. 3rd 1894 Price 6^d
 Two Colours 5/-

A copy of the *Buluwayo Sketch* is to hand. We trust that we shall not be accused of overweening conceit if we regard the plagiarism of our title an indirect compliment to our own success as a journal. In this flattered and consequently amiable state of mind, we harbour no intentions of proceeding by way of injunction in restraint of the use of our title by a cousin some thousand miles removed; indeed, we go one better by reproducing (reduced) his title-head and one of his weekly cartoons. Art is decidedly not a strong feature in our South African contemporary, but actuality is pleasantly to the front on perusal of its pages. Among the advertisements most crudely and quaintly illustrated we note the hall-mark of the British South Africa Chartered Company in the street nomenclature, for mention is made of Fife Street, Abercorn Street, and Grey Street; while the real conqueror of Matabeleland is not forgotten, since there seems to be a Maxim Hotel, among others. The "Occasional Notes" in the copy before us are chiefly taken up with discussing the necessity which exists of making laws to regulate the responsibilities of the transport rider. Cases are known where transport riders have dropped loads on the veldt from their having undertaken to carry more goods than their teams of oxen could bring through from Johannesburg. In one instance the transport rider merely meandered slowly along, fattening his oxen at the expense of his employer. This statement is confirmed by a private letter, in which the writer says that he much regretted having tried to save expense by travelling by waggon from Johannesburg to Buluwayo, the fare for which is six pounds instead of £29 10s. by the weekly coach. First of all, he had to provide himself with food and pots and pans for the eight

weeks' journey, and then the waggon crawled along at the slowest possible pace; but what was infinitely worse was the theft of the oxen by the driver during the night when the waggon had arrived at "a farm called Rooi Vriel. The farm is there right enough, but no homestead, or domesticated animals, or signs of any kind of culture whatever. We thirteen unfortunate passengers were just about one hundred miles from any house, between Pretoria and Palla, on the Crocodile River." After staying here ten days, without any signs of animation, four of the party started to walk the four hundred miles, the rest of the journey; two others determined to retrace the road they had come. A farmer found them, and finally was persuaded to take the writer and his friends in his waggon on to Buluwayo. What became of the rest of the party—two men, one woman, and two children—the letter does not relate. Things do not look too prosperous in Buluwayo. Food is decidedly dear. Small cabbages are two shillings and sixpence to three shillings and sixpence each, onions fourpence-halfpenny each, eggs double that sum, and bread is one shilling a pound. The only article cheap is meat. Wood for building purposes is very scarce. The Chartered Company has imposed a royalty of fifty per cent. on all gold found, so the people are devoutly hoping that the English Government will take the country over.



Illustrated Occasional Sketch
 of the South African Government Official
 (Residing in Pretoria)

weeks' journey, and then the waggon crawled along at the slowest possible pace; but what was infinitely worse was the theft of the oxen by the driver during the night when the waggon had arrived at "a farm called Rooi Vriel. The farm is there right enough, but no homestead, or domesticated animals, or signs of any kind of culture whatever. We thirteen unfortunate passengers were just about one hundred miles from any house, between Pretoria and Palla, on the Crocodile River." After staying here ten days, without any signs of animation, four of the party started to walk the four hundred miles, the rest of the journey; two others determined to retrace the road they had come. A farmer found them, and finally was persuaded to take the writer and his friends in his waggon on to Buluwayo. What became of the rest of the party—two men, one woman, and two children—the letter does not relate. Things do not look too prosperous in Buluwayo. Food is decidedly dear. Small cabbages are two shillings and sixpence to three shillings and sixpence each, onions fourpence-halfpenny each, eggs double that sum, and bread is one shilling a pound. The only article cheap is meat. Wood for building purposes is very scarce. The Chartered Company has imposed a royalty of fifty per cent. on all gold found, so the people are devoutly hoping that the English Government will take the country over.

THE NEW GERMAN STAR OPERA COMPANY.

It seems a little pretentious for the capital company that has come to the Royalty to call itself a "star" company, and, with the best will towards it, I can hardly allow that it is of "three-star" quality. However, I enjoyed "Die Fledermaus" immensely. It is full of humour, intentional and unintentional, and when one could not laugh kindly there was plenty of food for mocking amusement. The work is a light comic opera, boldly called "the masterpiece of Johann Strauss." I do not pretend to have more than a dancing acquaintance with the music, either of the still living composer of "The Blue Danube"—or "An der schönen blauen Donau," to use the real mouthful title—or his famous father, but I imagine that he must have written some work of finer musical quality than "The Bat."

However, "Die Fledermaus," which I saw at the Alhambra eighteen years ago, and remember rather on account of Hamilton Clarke's pretty ballet music, and Paulton's acting as the giddy Gabriel Eisenstein, than of the actual piece, is decidedly amusing. The inexhaustible idea of the husband who, at a masked ballet, makes love with the very worst intentions to his disguised wife, has been cleverly treated by the nameless librettist, while his introductory idea of causing the wife's lover to be arrested in place of the husband whose place he is seeking, leads to a really funny situation. Nevertheless, the piece would have fallen flat but for the work of Herr Martin Klein.

Mr. Paulton must have been funny as the frolicsome husband, but I can hardly think he showed such a store of rich, broad humour as Herr Klein, and certainly he did not sing half as well. For the German comedian has a powerful, well-trained voice of pleasant quality, in addition to great vivacity and a strong sense of humour, and in the finale to the second act was able to sing a heavily sentimental strain charmingly. He was admirably helped by Frau Ilona Cservary, a Hungarian lady—so her splendid eyes and unpronounceable name suggest—of the type of beauty which the French admire as *belle femme*. Frau Cservary sings prettily, though the Czardas that she attacked in the second act was a little beyond her resources, and she acted capitally as Rosalind, the wife of Gabriel Eisenstein.

The company has other artists of ability. There is Herr Emil Katzorke, who, as the Gefängnisdirektor—it is a lovely language!—played very well, as also did Herr Petersen, the Gefängniswärter; both of them, however, have already become popular through their excellent work in the German plays. It would not be just to leave out Fräulein Amanda Borges, a clever soubrette, or rather, "singing chambermaid." After all this, I find I have little room for criticism of the music, but perhaps nothing need be said, save that it is lively, unambitious, tuneful, and frankly elementary. The mounting is delightfully naïve, and the guests at the masked ball are infinitely comic in appearance and manner.

MONOCLE.

MISS FLORRIE HARMON.

As was generally anticipated, the Lyceum "Cinderella" has proved an immense success on its re-production at Birmingham, and the pantomime is drawing all the Midlands to the Grand Theatre in that city. Among the changes that have necessarily been made in the cast is the substitution of Miss Florrie Harmon for Miss Alice Brookes as Dandini. In the



Photo by Field, New York.

MISS FLORRIE HARMON AS DANDINI IN "CINDERELLA,"
 AT THE GRAND THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM.

original production, Miss Harmon played the part of Fernando, and she repeated her performance when the pantomime was taken to New York. She is a bright little actress and a good dancer. She has played many parts in burlesque and pantomime, one of her most recent successes being *The Mate in "Dick Whittington"* at the Olympic Theatre. She is Mrs. Oscar Barrett's sister.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

DRESS AT THE THEATRES.

Verily there is nothing new under the sun, for even when I was contemplating the dress and manners—and particularly the dress—of 1780, as depicted in "Guy Domville," the new St. James's piece, various little points struck me as curiously familiar, and showed me how modern so-called novelty is simply a more or less close adaptation of the old-time styles. Take, for instance, Miss Marion Terry's dress for Act III., and note how, with the slightest possible modifications, it is almost a replica of some of the latest fashions; and then you will infallibly stop to admire it on its merits, enhanced, too, as its charm is by having for setting one of the most absolutely perfect and beautiful scenes which has ever been seen upon the stage.

But now to Miss Marion Terry's, or "Mrs. Peverel's," said second gown, with apologies to the first for not taking it in its order. It is fashioned of the palest café-au-lait silk, the skirt, which is put on full at the hips, being bordered with a thick quilling, and opening over a full front of the finest white muslin over white silk, adorned

in at the waist with a sash of forget-me-not blue satin, tying in a loose bow at the left side. She, too, has one of those most graceful fichus, with long frilled ends at the back, and the turned-back cuffs of the elbow sleeves are banded with narrow blue ribbon and frilled with chiffon. Over her arm, hanging from a blue satin ribbon, is a bag of blue satin, striped horizontally with broad bands of white satin. Truly, a lovely enough vision to make any man forgetful of all else.

As to Mrs. Edward Saker, her gowns, correct down to the smallest detail, are worn over huge crinolines, which, it strikes me, must have taken both time and trouble to procure. Her first costume is of black satin, striped with velvet, and adorned with two narrow frills of black silk, the expansive front being covered by an apron of white muslin, while a ruffle and frill of muslin, bordered with ribbon-velvet, adorn the bodice. Her great mob-cap of muslin and velvet is almost hidden eventually by a velvet hat of goodly proportions, adorned with nodding ostrich plumes, and the costume is completed for outdoor wear by a pelerine of black glacé silk, edged with a pleated frill. This dress is subsequently exchanged for a wedding garment so fearfully and wonderfully made that it absolutely baffles description. The material



MISS MARION TERRY IN ACT III. OF
"GUY DOMVILLE."



MISS MILLARD IN ACT II. OF
"GUY DOMVILLE."



MISS MARION TERRY IN ACT I. OF
"GUY DOMVILLE."

with three rows of golden-brown satin ribbon. The bodice has elbow sleeves, finished with turned-back cuffs, banded with satin ribbon, from which fall deep frills of muslin; and it is crossed by a frilled fichu of the muslin, which is tied at the back of the waist, the long ends falling almost to the bottom of the skirt; while in front it is caught in on the corsage by a great bow of warm, golden-brown velvet, a band of the same velvet encircling the throat, and tying up the softly waved chestnut hair. Altogether a contemplation of this gown makes one acknowledge that our great-grandmothers had very special opportunities for looking lovely, and that their style of dress had a charm all its own, which bears most favourable comparison with Dame Fashion's latest and most extreme productions. Then in Act I. (the garden scene at "Ponches") Miss Terry makes an altogether lovely picture as she steps through the rose-and-honeysuckle twined porch out into the restfully beautiful garden, clad as she is in a silken gown of exquisite shimmering grey, adorned as to the bodice with a soft ruffle of white silk muslin, which, with the fichu of the same soft fabric, is edged with a narrow line of black velvet baby ribbon, four bows of the velvet in graduated sizes passing down the front of the bodice, and others tying in the muslin frills which finish off the elbow sleeves. Over this is worn for a few moments a quaint coat, also of the silk, finished by a velvet-bound collar of muslin, and a ruffled border of silk, the accompanying hat of Leghorn straw being simply trimmed with a black velvet bow and tied under the chin with narrow velvet strings.

Miss Evelyn Millard, looking lovely exceedingly with her red-gold hair tied up with pale-blue satin ribbon, only appears in Act. III., so has only one gown, but that a very beautiful one. It is of pure white satin, held

is pink satin, and the skirt is trimmed with twists and festoons of white chiffon, caught up by silver cords and tassels, and with circles and ovals and every imaginable device, carried out in quilled or gathered satin, while there is, of course, the inevitable fichu. I must say that I do not fancy we should ever, under any circumstances, desire to revive *this* particular style—it is an awful warning of the lengths to which Dame Fashion can go. But we must not forget Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who, as Mrs. Peverel's servant, Fanny, looks charming, first in a brown stuff gown, with laced bodice, and white cap and kerchief brightened by bows of cherry-coloured ribbon, and next in a short skirt, with a waved design in black and white, and a white bodice with black stripes going round and round with wasp-like effect, her white kerchief being again tied with cherry-red ribbon, which contrasts well with the dark locks which Miss Vanbrugh affects in this piece.

So much for these fascinating last-century costumes; and now, if for a change you would like some eminently up-to-date gowns which are full of good ideas, you had better let me tell you about the dresses in the new Haymarket piece, "An Ideal Husband," for they are distinctly worthy of notice. I have nothing but admiration for Miss Julia Neilson's three beautiful gowns; but then, when the wearer is so perfectly and grandly beautiful herself, she makes the gown instead of the gown making her. In Act I., then, Miss Neilson wears a white satin gown, brocaded with a large conventional floral design, the skirt and the whole of the long train being bordered with small bunches of Neapolitan violets, set at regular distances apart, while great trails of the same flowers pass over the shoulders and fall on to the loosely hanging sleeves of white chiffon, which fall away from the arm in front in a fashion most becoming to

[Continued on page 541.]



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WHITE ROSE.****"The Sweetest of Sweet Odours."**

Delightfully and delicately fragrant.

Beware of Imitations.**ATKINSON'S** is the only **Genuine.**

Perfume, Toilet-Powder, Soap, Tooth-Powder, Sachets, and all other specialties with this "charming" odour, of all Dealers throughout the world, and of the Manufacturers—

J. & E. ATKINSON, 24, Old Bond St., London.

KARSWOOD HAIR DYE

Easy to apply. One Liquid. Clean and Perfectly Harmless to the most Delicate Hair.

Absolutely FAST.

Pronounced by those who use it as the only Dye fit for a Lady or Gentleman to use.

BLONDE, BROWN, BLACK. Bottles, 2/6, 5/6, 10/6; by post, 3d. extra.

Wholesale: HOVENDE & SONS, Berners Street, London.

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THE CHARING CROSS BANK.
(Established 1870.)

28, BEDFORD ST., CHARING CROSS, LONDON, W.C.

Capital, £300,000. Reserve Fund, £100,000.

Loans Granted, £30 to £5000. Town or Country, on approved Promissory Notes, Mortgage of Furniture, Trade and Farm Stock, Life Policies, Reversions, Plate, Jewellery, Stocks, Shares, Freehold and Leasehold Property, &c.

Special facilities to all requiring Banking accounts.

Three per cent. interest allowed on current accounts on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below twenty pounds.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under: 5 per cent. per annum, subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal.

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Highest Award at Chicago, 1893.

"Lanoline"Toilet "Lanoline".....6d. & 1/6.
"Lanoline" Soap.....6d. & 1/6.
"Lanoline" Pomade.....1/6.
& Cold Cream.

"Once tried, always used."

Should be used in every household, as [nothing is better for the complexion.]

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. WHOLESALE DEPOT: 67, HOLBORN VIADUCT.

The only awarded at the Paris Exhibition 1889.

VELOUTINE

Special, hygienic, adherent & invisible

Poudre de Riz — **CH. FAY, Inventor**

9, Rue de la Paix, PARIS. — BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, Judgement of 8th May 1875.

LADY'S PICTORIAL

Weekly Illustrated Ladies' Paper.

ILLUSTRATIONS of the FASHIONS of the DAY.
Drawn from actual Dresses worn by the Leaders of Fashion.ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE EVENTS OF THE WEEK
INTERESTING TO LADIES.**MADAME FAREY,**

231, REGENT STREET.

Smart Hats and Bonnets, 21/-
Smart Aigrettes for the Hair, 2/9**COSMOSINE**The Antiseptic Saline for the Bath & Toilet Water
IMMEDIATELY SOFTENS HARD WATER.Refreshing & Invigorating. Delightful to the Skin.
Prepared by COSMOSINE CO., Granby Row, Manchester. Order through Chemists, Perfumers, or Stores Everywhere. Boxes, 1s., 2s., 6d.ONE BOX OF
DR. MACKENZIE'S IMPROVED HARMLESS ARSENIC WAFERS
will produce the most lovely complexion that the imagination could desire. Clear, Fresh, freed from Blotch, Blemish, Coarseness, Redness, Freckles, or Pimples. Sent post free, 4s. 6d.

To whiten the hands and skin, use

DR. MACKENZIE'S ARSENICAL TOILET SOAP.

1s. per Tablet; 3 for 2s. 6d.; postage 3d.

S. HARVEY, 12, Gaskarth Road, Balham Hill, London, S.W. Beware of injurious imitations.

**DR. MACKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE SMELLING BOTTLE.**

Cures Cold in the Head, cures Nervous Headache, instantly relieves Hay Fever and Neuralgia in the Head, is the best remedy for Faintness and Dizziness. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

Post Free 15 stamps, from

MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, READING.

Beware of worthless imitations.

LOVELY HAIR.**DR. HORN'S "ACESMA"** quickly restores the colour to grey, faded, or bleached hair. Does not stain the skin. 2/9 and 6/- per bottle.**DR. HORN'S "GERMANIA HAIR TONIC"** for thin or falling hair. Promotes luxuriant growth. Very cleansing. Non-greasy. 2/9 and 5/- per bottle.**DR. HORN'S "HAIR SOLVENT."** A liquid for destroying superfluous hair. Leaves no mark. Better than Electrolysis. 2/9 and 5/- per bottle.**DR. HORN'S SKIN FOOD FOR THE COMPLEXION.** A cure for wrinkles, roughness, irritation, and all blemishes of the skin. Price 2/9, 5/-, and 10/-.

Of Chemists and Perfumers, or of the Sole Manufacturers,

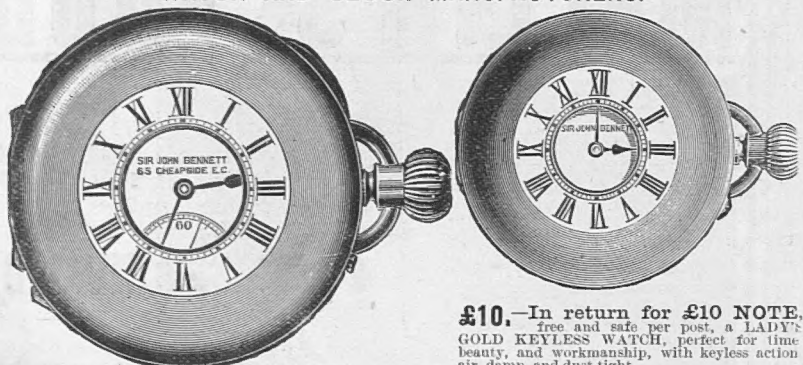
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N.B.—Any preparation post free.

Read Dr. Horn's Treatise, "THE HUMAN HAIR," post free, 6d.

Hair 5ft. 2in. long.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,
WATCH AND CLOCK MANUFACTURERS.**£25.—A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS** 3-PLATE HALF CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with Monogram richly embellished. Free and safe per post.

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£25 Hall Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells. In oak or mahogany. With bracket and Shield, Three Guinea extra. Estimates for Turret Clocks.

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GOLD CHAINS AND JEWELLERY.

JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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Used Without Heat.



IN 6D. AND 1S. BOXES, OF ALL HAIRDRESSERS, DRAPERS, AND FANCY HOUSES IN THE THREE QUEENDOMS.

Hindes Limited, MANUFACTURERS OF BRUSHES & TOILET ARTICLES, BIRMINGHAM & LONDON.**ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL****PRESERVES AND
BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR.**

Arrests baldness, removes scurf, and is the best Brilliantine. All experts affirm that oil is absolutely necessary for preserving and nourishing the hair; therefore use ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL. Also in a Golden Colour.

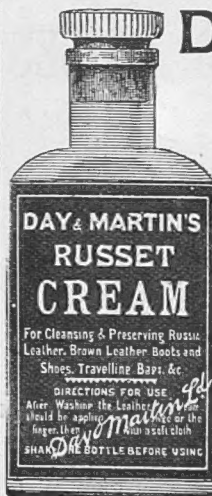
Bottles, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

WHITENS THE TEETH. PREVENTS DECAY.

Is beautifully perfumed, and composed of the most *recherché* and costly ingredients obtainable. Ask Chemists for ROWLANDS' ODONTO. 2s. 9d.

AVOID CHEAP, SPURIOUS ODONTOS, WHICH SCRATCH AND RUIN THE ENAMEL.

**DAY & MARTIN**

Limited,

Sole Proprietors of the World-Famed

LIQUID BLACKING.

Black and White Cream for Patent Leather.

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FOR SHOOTING AND FISHING BOOTS.

Manufacturers to Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.



anyone with such lovely arms as Miss Neilson's. The bodice itself is draped across with the chiffon, a great bunch of violets being placed on the right side of the corsage, and another at the left side of the waist, where the chiffon is tied into long, broad sash-ends, sprinkled over with a shower of violets. Miss Neilson wears long strings of pearls, caught up on the bodice in festoons, together with a diamond tiara and sundry diamond ornaments. Her next dress has a perfectly plain skirt of

white satin foulard, brocaded with a Pompadour design of shadowy pink roses nestling in tender green leaves, the bodice being veiled with accordion-pleated pink chiffon, held in in front by two broad braces of the brocade, tapering to a point at the waist, which is encircled by a twist of chiffon. Miss Julia Neilson, like Mrs. Patrick Campbell, abjures collars, and the chiffon is softly shirred beneath the throat, which is left perfectly free, the puffed sleeves of brocade having deep transparent cuffs—also of the shirred chiffon. Miss Neilson does not come on in Act III., but she reappears in the last act in a wonderfully handsome dress with a perfectly plain trained skirt of buttercup-yellow satin, the bodice, which is a most elaborately beautiful one, having a vest arrangement of golden tissue, through which there gleams a suggestion of blue, the deep shoulder-capes, which fall in soft, graceful folds and taper to a point at each side of the

waist, being of the yellow satin, lined with pinkish mauve. A band of gold passementerie, glittering with stones which reproduce the various colours, outlines the neck and encircles the waist, and the sleeves are composed of draperies of brocade and golden gauze, the cuffs being of blue glacé, covered with the pinkish-mauve chiffon, while at the back, below the neck, there is a butterfly bow of the gauze, edged with jewelled passementerie.

Next comes the turn of Miss Florence West, who, as the scheming adventuress of the piece, has some very striking and elaborate gowns, though two, at least, of them did not by any means meet with my approval. The first—an evening dress—is of dark emerald-green satin, the bodice veiled with gauze of the same colour, glistening here and there with broad streaks of silver and cream. This filmy drapery is continued on the skirt, where it terminates just below the knees in front, and disappears into the long train at the side, beneath a trail of roses in every imaginable shade of pink and crimson. The skirt is bordered in front with festoons of gauze, caught by tiny bunches of pink roses, over each of which hovers a graceful swallow, two more birds being used as trimming, one of them having fluttered on to the centre of the bodice at the back, while the other nestles into the waist in front. I have nothing but disapproval for such a mode of trimming, for, though it may be original and, in a way, effective, it is barbarous and unpleasant, and I only hope that women will show their disapproval of this needless slaughter by refraining from imitation. But to return to the remaining—and unoffending—details of the dress. It is guiltless of sleeves, unless a rope of roses which passes over the shoulders can be said to do duty as such, and a lovely effect is secured by closely set clusters of shaded roses, which line the edge of the skirt and the whole of the enormously long train, every movement disclosing some fresh shade. Certainly a lovely and an original gown, but the sight of those birds spoiled it entirely, as far as I was concerned. Miss Florence West's next costume is startling, to put it mildly. It consists of yellow mirror moiré, and has a deep square collar of scarlet velvet, which forms crossed revers in front, fastening over at the left side with a paste button. Both from collar and revers falls a deep frill of mellow-tinted lace, and, in order that there may be plenty of contrast, there is a collar-band of bright-green velvet, with a bunch of violets set at each side. Then the sleeves are of cream-coloured chiné glacé, brocaded with pink roses and foliage, and to crown all there is a hat of green straw, which has masses of orchids in various colours, including purple and red. Then remember that, for this occasion, Miss West has indulged in hair of the fashionable red, or—I apologise—auburn shade, and you may possibly imagine the effect of this combination of colours, which, however, I am bound to say, Miss West carries off exceedingly

well. As far as good taste is concerned, her last dress must take first place, for it is simply fashioned of pale tea-rose-yellow satin, brocaded with shadowy roses in the faintest possible shade of pink, the cuffs being turned back with red satin, and a touch of the same colour appearing between the soft falls of lace which adorn the bodice. Round the waist there is a loose golden girdle, the long ends studded with rubies; and Miss West also wears a splendid cloak of black satin, lined with red satin, the cape being cut in battlements over a deep frill of lace, and turned back with red.

Then comes the turn of dainty Miss Maude Millett, who has three of the smartest imaginable gowns, in which I immediately recognised a master hand, and eventually found it to be that of Madame Humble, of 19, Conduit Street. The first, which is an ideal evening-gown for a young girl, is of yellow satin, the full skirt perfectly plain, with the exception of a great spray of flowers—white lilac, mauve orchids, and deep-shaded pansies—which is arranged in most artistic fashion at the left side. The bodice is veiled in front with slightly overhanging folds of gold-sequined net, while bands of gold sequins are curved round the sides with excellent effect upon the figure, three diamond buttons being placed down the back. The full puffed sleeves of the satin droop slightly off the shoulders, which are crossed by clusters of the same flowers that adorn the skirt. But for genuine novelty and effectiveness the second dress must take first place. It is of eau-de-Nil satin, patterned with a tiny spot and an equally diminutive conventional leaf. At each side of the skirt there is a larger bow of orange-coloured velvet, which forms a base for three gracefully curving black ostrich tips—an original method of trimming which is likely to commend itself to most people. The waistband, of black satin ribbon, tied at the back in two smart bows, with a little space between, and the collar, of orange velvet, has two tiny black tips at each side. Then there are square epaulettes of black satin, covered with lace, and, to give a perfect finishing touch, a picture hat of black velvet, the full crown embroidered with steel and trimmed with black ostrich feathers. For the last act, Miss Millett has a pale-tan crépon gown, the skirt having a tiny pointed panel at each side of turquoise-blue mirror velvet, with an appliqué of white cloth, stitched with gold thread and sequins, and fastened in quaintly to the crépon with little gold buttons on one side and black buttonholes on the other, and tied at the top with a black satin bow. The bodice has a blouse front of the velvet, with a wide box-pleat down the centre, and neck- and waist-bands of black satin, the former covered with lace and adorned at the back with lace ruffles and a butterfly bow of satin. But most charming of all is the zouave of blue satin, enriched with its appliqué of cloth and gold, and I think you will allow that Miss Millett's dresses stand out well from all the others.

Then Miss Fanny Brough, in a very becoming grey coiffure, has a ruby-coloured velvet evening dress with a berthe of costly lace, and a day dress of grey and terra-cotta brocade, trimmed with satin ribbon to match, grey velvet, and lace; and the list is concluded by Miss Vane Featherstone in green-and-pink striped chiné silk, brocaded with pink roses and with a green velvet bodice, and Miss Helen Forsyth, lovely as ever, in a perfectly cut gown of pink mirror velvet.

And now from these fascinating frivolities let us turn for one moment to the more serious, but—to prospective housekeepers—equally fascinating delights of household linen, my reason for wishing you to do so being that, just at present, you have an exceptional opportunity of laying in a splendid stock at about half the usual prices, for Messrs. Walpole, of Belfast House, 89, New Bond Street, commence their winter sale on Monday, Jan. 14, and, in order to be fully prepared for it, you should instantly send for a sale catalogue, which will be forwarded post free by return. When you have read, marked, and learnt such items as hemmed linen sheets from half-a-guinea to twenty-five shillings per pair, cotton sheets as low as 4s. 9d. a pair, and hem-stitched linen sheets from seven shillings each, the fever for buying will most certainly be upon you, and your only trouble will be that you still have some days to wait. Messrs. Walpole also make a feature of cambric handkerchiefs, and their stock is such a varied one that you can commence at threepence-halfpenny each, and go up to anything you like. This is, indeed, a sale to delight the hearts of women, for most of us have a pardonable weakness for fair white linen and dainty cambrics.

FLORENCE.



MISS JULIA NEILSON IN ACT III. OF
"AN IDEAL HUSBAND."



MISS MAUDE MILLETT IN ACT III. OF
"AN IDEAL HUSBAND."

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Jan. 5, 1895.

The general tone of the markets has been weak, and realisations in the South African corner have been the most important factor in producing this result.

The Bank return is remarkable for a drop of 10 per cent. in the proportion of reserve to liabilities; but dear money is yet a long way off. Never were more significant figures published than the returns of the Bankers' Clearing House for last year, for while the figures of the ordinary Stock Exchange settlements show a heavy decline, those which relate to the Consols market are the largest on record.

We have got past noting record prices in Goschens, but it is still remarkable that a stock now paying only $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and in eight years to be reduced to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., should be over 104. You ask us if it would not be a good "bear," dear Sir, and we can only answer that we cannot at present advise any such operation, for, until the signs of dearer money are a little more pronounced, we see no chance of a tumble.

The tone of the Home Railway market has been good, and considerable investment-buying has been going on in the ordinary stocks of the heavy lines. We were quite right in advising you to hold on to your South-Easterns, Chathams, and Brighton A's before Christmas, and we still think that for anyone, except a hand-to-mouth speculator, it is the right thing to continue holding. Do not join the agitation going on, dear Sir, among the South-Eastern shareholders, for the board by their working arrangement with the Chatham Company have shown every possible inclination to work in the proper direction, and since Sir Edward Watkin retired there is no reason to desire a change. We are very suspicious of these agitations, especially among the shareholders of competing lines, for, if the inner history of many of them could be written, we know it could be shown that they were initiated and carried on by the money and the brains of the unfriendly rival, and especially has this been so between the two railways in question. The market expects a 6 per cent. dividend on Brighton A stock, which will be off this month, and make the market quotation look very tempting, so that it would not surprise us to see the upward movement carried further. Great Easterns have been flat, and a dividend of no more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. can be expected. The most miserable and unsatisfactory corner of the Stock Exchange is, undoubtedly, the American market, where there is very little business, and the slump in prices goes gaily on.

Trunks have been quite a dead letter, and Canadian Pacifics continue to drop away to prices which, a year ago, would have seemed impossible, but, as we have warned you against both lines for some time, the drop in prices will not cause you, at least, any inconvenience.

Inter-Bourse stocks have been strong, and, among the highest class, German Three Per Cents. have improved considerably upon the increased prospects of European peace. Uruguays have at last got above 50, and look like going higher. From 34 to the present price we have advised you to buy this stock, dear Sir, and we yet believe that there is room for a ten-point rise, especially as purchases will soon be made for the sinking fund. Argentine issues have been weak upon stories of difficulties with Chili, heavy expenditure upon war material, and bad revenue returns, which, coupled with the uncertain political outlook and the self-evident manipulation of the gold premium, have all had a very unpleasant effect upon the market. If the opinion of those members of the Stock Exchange who are most closely associated with Continental finance is worth anything, the course of Spanish Four Per Cent. stock is going to be in an upward direction, but you must take the tip for what it is worth.

As anticipated, the metropolitan bank dividends all show a falling-off, but the effect on the shares had been pretty well discounted. We would call your attention to the shares of the Telegraph Construction Company, which have been higher than they now are with not half such good prospects. We hear the company is full of work, and in our judgment the shares offer an excellent industrial investment, yielding over $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The rise in Maxim-Nordenfeldt shares and debentures has been noticed in our letter more than once, but it is high time to raise a protest, dear Sir, when silly circulars are sent round like the one signed "A large debenture-holder," and distributed broadcast during the week. The arguments are so childish, and the comparison with the Hotchkiss securities so wanting in all knowledge, that we do not wonder the only result of this precious production has been a drop of five points in the securities the author intended to puff.

The excitement continues in the Mining Market, and although day after day we have been told that top prices had been reached, good shares still keep rising. How great has been the increase in value may be seen at a glance from the following list of shares which, on our advice, you purchased in many cases in September and October, and the quotations for the same shares to-day:—

	Oct. 1894	Jan. 1895.
Buffelsdoorns	$1\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$
Van Ryn	$2\frac{1}{4}$	5
Glencairns	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$3\frac{1}{4}$
Paarl Central	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Champ d'Or	$2\frac{1}{4}$	$4\frac{1}{2}$
Nigel	$3\frac{1}{4}$	$5\frac{1}{4}$

In addition to which you have made large profits out of Goldfields and Gold Trust shares, and have holdings in Champ d'Or Deep and New Clewer Estate bought below the present price. It will, of course, be very difficult to go on selecting stocks to yield these large profits, and

the only plan, as long as you desire to invest in South African mines, dear Sir, is to select such as have intrinsic merits and have not yet experienced such enormous rises. We call your attention to Eastleighs at $13-8-\frac{1}{2}$ as a promising purchase. The capital is moderate, the company has forty stamps at work, and the output of gold has improved from 954 oz. in September to 1963 oz. in November. In about three months the stamping power will be increased to sixty head, and cyanide works capable of treating 8000 tons of tailings a month are in operation. For a long shot you might invest the money you made out of that wretched concern, New Louis d'Or, in Potchefstrooms, where you may lose your money, but, in our opinion, have more chance of trebling it. Have nothing to do with Lionsdale or any of the other shares which outside touts are advertising so largely.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE MACHINERY TRUST, LIMITED, is offering £50,000 of 5 per cent. debentures at par. It is worthy of note that the issue is part of £220,000 authorised, and is to rank *pari passu* with the balance, when issued. The whole is secured on £4 10s. uncalled on the £5 shares, and such a heavy liability upon so small a share is about the worst possible security. There is nothing to prevent the balance of the debentures being issued (perhaps they are already) to the bankers, and any holder is likely to find himself the possessor of a portion of £220,000 of debentures the only available security for which is £65,000 of uncalled capital, very likely half of which is bad. The concern is a feeder for the Linotype Company, which, we suppose, cannot get any more money, and has resorted to the concern as a new means of raising the wind.

THE EMPIRE (LIVERPOOL), LIMITED is asking for subscriptions for 2500 shares of £10 each. We advise our readers to leave them alone, or, if they have an allotment, to sell the shares for the best offer they can get.

THE ELECTROPHONE, LIMITED.—We warned our readers against this prospectus when it was being privately circulated, and we see no reason to change the unfavourable opinion we then expressed. The plan of the people connected with this affair is to first see what they can get by private touting, and then to try a public issue. We sincerely trust none of our readers have been foolish enough to sign an application form, or that, if they have, this warning may reach them in time to withdraw before allotment.

LINDSAYS GOLD MINES, LIMITED.—It is very seldom we have been able to favourably notice a West Australian mine, but this affair is an exception to the rule. The capital is moderate (£65,000), and of this £20,000 is to be reserved for working. There seems to be a good prospect of satisfactory returns, and the workings have been pushed to a considerable depth, besides which, the latest advices show a very satisfactory improvement. For those of our readers who desire a West Australian gamble, we think this concern offers every prospect of success.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BENGAL LANCER.—Cunliffe, Russell, and Co. have come down in their prices, but still are far above the proper figure in many cases. They quote Congo bonds at £4 against £3 14s. market price, Ottoman Empire £7 against £5 6s., Panama £6 against £5 1s., Servian £4 against £3 14s. For their Combination No. 2 they ask £20 against £17 15s., and for Combination No. 3 £40 against £36. They offer City of Paris bonds about 5s. below the market price; but if you wrote for them they would probably say the price had risen since the pamphlet was issued. Egyptian Foncier bonds should be about £10 8s. 6d., and not £11 as quoted.

GAMBLER and A. J. P.—See previous answer for the information you want. The prices in the pamphlets you send us are a little higher than those quoted to "Bengal Lancer," and so much worse for you.

C. H.—Every bond you quote in your list is first-rate, and you could not have a safer selection of City bonds. If you want to buy more, try Dunedin 6 per cent. 1925, or Wellington Waterworks.

W. H. H.—The shares you mention are first-rate and a good purchase at present price, which is below what they have been. We hear the company is full of work, and we fully expect the shares will go up to nearly 48. With Uruguays you will be "a day too late for the fair" unless you look sharp.

W. H. H. (Chester).—We hope you have got our private letter, with the name of the firm you require.

ALPHA.—We cannot advise you not to take such a splendid profit. Perhaps, on merits, both your mining shares are worth more than even present prices, but as you have doubled your money in so short a time, you might at least sell half, and let some other fellow have a chance, besides securing yourself.

CANADA.—Sell your Grand Trunk guaranteed stock. If you were rich, we might advise you to risk it; but under the circumstances detailed in your letter, we cannot recommend you to hold on.

O. V. T.—We hate advising a gamble, but the best we know at the moment is a purchase of Trustees' Corporation shares, £7 paid, at 4s. 6d. If the Ottoman Bank action is decided in the company's favour, they will jump to at least 20s., and we believe—well, as the case is still *sub judice*, we must not say what we believe, but you can guess.

FRANCIS S.—(1) Good. (2) This concern was a swindle, and is in liquidation. (3) A good "bear." (4) If you will buy and lock up, you are sure to see a good profit.

GRAMPIAN.—Your letter only makes us advise you to take your profit and clear out. The less you have to do with the gang which controls this mine the better. There is, we believe, a liability on the shares, and it is not unlikely there may be a call.

MINER.—We cannot undertake to find mines at present prices which will show such profits as Van Ryn, Buffelsdoorns, or Glencairns have done during the last three months, but try Eastleighs for a rise, or New Clewer. You will have, at least, shares in a property of intrinsic merit in either case.